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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1899

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THE BRITISH NAVAL BRIGADE PASSING THROUGH LADYSMITH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY G. LYNCH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 9, 1899

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The Partition of China

THE natural course of events in China seems to be moving along with celerity. The news is that the great powers, meaning England, Russia, Germany, and France, are about to agree upon a delimitation of spheres of influence. This government is not expected to become a party to any treaty that may be made in this behalf, partly, it is said, because, as the Senate would have to act on such a treaty, there would necessarily be delay and probably embarrassment to the treaty-making power—that is, to the executive. It is said also that the administration favors the proposed delimitation because it has assurances, from replies, already received or expected, to Secretary **Hay**'s request to the powers concerned, as to their attitude towards the policy of the "open door," that, in the event of the making of the convention, the treaty rights of this country in China would be preserved.

We do not know, of course, what the powers propose to do in the matter of changing the government of China. It may be that the English idea is to prevail, and that the general government will remain in the control of the Chinese, and even in the hands of the present dynasty, the authority of the viceroys being limited or destroyed. Or it may be that it is the intention of the powers to assume a suzerainty over the whole of China and to govern it through their own agents. China herself, if we are to draw our conclusion from the good-humored, but really pathetic, criticism on the news which was made by the clever Chinese minister to this country, has not been consulted on the proposed partition. What we do know is that China will inevitably be forced to do business with the world on modern and liberal principles, and that no ideals of justice will be permitted to stand in the way of the advancement of trade interests. Judged from the ideal point of view, China has the right to complain, to employ the minister's metaphor, of any proposition to divide up her house among her neighbors without her consent. But the minister does not state the case accurately.

China contains much more potential wealth than any unexploited country in the world. Perhaps we would be within bounds in saying that if her resources were developed by modern methods and modern men she would be naturally the richest country in the world, the United States excepted. Her government has pretended to throw open her great resources, to a certain extent, to the commercial powers, including this country. She has entered into treaties with those powers. She has pretended to simplify her tariff policy and her port and local charges, with a view to relieving those who trade with her from the uncertain and onerous exactions of local authorities, and to afford national protection to the foreign traders. These treaties have been violated, and the English have especially the right to complain of her failure to observe her obligations. Even if these obligations were observed, much the greater part of China would be still closed to development, but as it is, the Peking government cannot or will not control the viceroys, and trade is consequently hampered. Now the trading world says, in effect, to China, "You must trade with us, and you must permit us to turn your potential into actual wealth." If China were wise, she would accede to this demand without pressure. It is true that those who would reap the greatest benefit would, in the first instance, be the hated and distrusted foreigners, but in the end the Chinese themselves would enormously benefit by the change. Indeed, if we are correctly informed as to the commercial and industrial character of the Chinese, they would be the greatest beneficiaries of the application of modern methods to the development of their rich mineral and agricultural resources, and of the possibilities opened up through the establishment of manufactures and the extension of commerce. But the Chinese are not wise, in this direction at all events, and they strenuously resist the bestowal of riches upon them by force.

Not many months ago it seemed as if the movement, which cannot long be delayed, of modernizing and Europeanizing China would be forced forward by war; but now it seems as if the result would be effected through peaceful but not less effective pressure. This may be prevented, of course, by Japan, but perhaps Japan will be invited to take a share in the division, and will thus gain the fruits of her victory over China of which she was deprived by Russia. If China can be opened peaceably it will be a great gain for civilization, provided she is not actually robbed of her rights. If she can be persuaded to yield wisely, the outcome will be altogether good. The world needs her wealth, and when that wealth is made obtainable this country will doubtless be benefited by the revolution more than any other country than Great Britain—eventually even more than Great Britain. It is to be hoped that Secretary **Hay** will see to it that the United States do not connive at any injustice to China. We want our share of her resources, but we do not want it at the expense of our self-respect. China will be better off than she is by the adoption of the policy of "spheres of influence," and the world will be better off too, not only if that policy be adopted, but if its success is not the result of war. The great value of the assemblage or the alliance of the powers is that it makes for the avoidance of war, but the avoidance of war will not be a blessing if it is effected through an unjust ignoring of the rights of the Chinese. We are quite sure, however, that Chinese rights can be safeguarded by the co-operation of the American and English governments, and that is an object for the attainment of which Secretary **Hay** may well exercise his unquestioned powers of diplomacy.

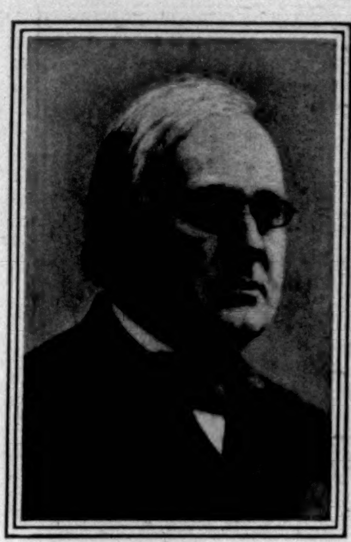
THERE is said to be a project on foot to admit Alaska into the Union as a State. We cannot regard this suggestion as seriously made, and we are sure that Congress will not seriously entertain it. The enactment of a law conferring Statehood on Alaska would be a confession by Congress of its own incompetency to provide a government for distant territories. Alaska has been a possession of the United States for thirty-two years. During all that time it has been without a properly organized government. During the last Congress a large number of bills were introduced in both Houses to provide a government for Alaska, or to regulate and better the administration of justice. The best thing that Congress can do for Alaska is to take up one of these bills and pass it after proper amendment and full debate. The debate itself would be educational, and would lead to a wider and more thorough understanding among Congressmen of the principles on which colonial government should be based. The lesson must be learned, and that soon, and the subject of government for Alaska is a good theme for practice. Moreover, the people of Alaska, who may be called "old inhabitants," are not practised in the arts of self-government. They have not made their own laws. In a word, they have not yet had that schooling, insufficient though it has generally been, which we have required of the people of the Territories contiguous to the States whose Union they were eventually to join. Alaska is at present mainly a mining-camp, whose population is not the best foundation for a State, and is likely to diminish. We have had our sad experience with Nevada, and are not ready for a repetition, or worse.

THE death of Vice-President **Hobart** leaves Senator **Frye** the presiding officer of the Senate. His functions of office are not increased, but he will now preside constantly, instead of merely intermittently in the absence of the Vice-President. Mr. **Ingalls** thus presided after the death of Vice-President **Hendricks**, as did Judge **David Davis** after the death of President **Garfield** had transferred Mr. **Arthur** to the White House. Formerly the succession to the Presidency would have devolved on the Speaker after the death of the Vice-President. If that were the law at present, there would be no successor provided for Mr. **McKinley**, as the new House of Representatives has not met, and there is no Speaker. This condition obtained when Vice-President **Hendricks** died, and it was partly for this reason that the existing law was passed. Another reason was political. Under the old law, in many instances the succession of the Speaker would have brought to the head of the government a member of the party in opposition to that of the President to be succeeded. In other words, the will of the people would have been defeated by the mere accident of death. To extend the line of succession and to prevent a defeat of the popular verdict, Congress adopted a law placing the succession in the cabinet, in the order of the establishment of the several offices. Thus the succession is now as follows: 1. Secretary **Hay**. 2. Secretary **Gage**. 3. Secretary **Root**. 4. Attorney-General **Griggs**. 5. Secretary **Long**. 6. Postmaster-General **Smith**. 7. Secretary **Hitchcock**. 8. Secretary **Wilson**.

THE new currency bill which is very likely to become a law is a decisive step in the right direction. It is much more than has been promised, and although it continues the public debt as the basis of circulation, it provides for much larger circulation than is now possible, and establishes a more liberal banking policy by providing for banks with a capital of $25,000 in places of not more than 2000 inhabitants. But the most important part of the bill, that which will be generally regarded as the fulfilment of the promise of the campaign which resulted in the election of Mr. **McKinley**, is the firm establishment of gold as the standard of value, and the provision that "all interest-bearing obligations of the United States for the payment of money, now existing or hereafter to be entered into, and all United States notes and Treasury notes issued under the law of July 13, 1890, shall be deemed and held to be payable in the gold coin of the United States." The adoption of this law will relieve the commercial and productive interests of the country from the fear of **Bryan** and Bryanism, for this provision once on the statute-books, no House of Representatives, in this generation at all events, will vote for its repeal. Secretary **Gage**'s plan for establishing a "Division of Issue and Redemption" is adopted, and the banking side of the Treasury, under it, will be completely separated from the collection and disbursing side. An excellent provision of the bill is that which gives the Secretary of the Treasury the power to maintain the gold-reserve fund, when necessary, by the sale of bonds bearing a rate of interest not to exceed three per cent. Banks are to issue notes to the par value of the bonds deposited as security for circulation, and banks having a capital of $150,000 are to be required to deposit bonds equal in value to one-fourth of the capital. Banks with a larger capital must deposit bonds to the amount of $150,000. Banks are also to be taxed on their franchise. These are the principal features of the bill, which will be hailed by the business interests of the country as the promising beginning of sound-money legislation. It will be necessary, of course, to discuss it more fully when it comes regularly before Congress.

THE late remarkable disclosures of the business enterprises of a person named **Miller**, who has been operating in Brooklyn, give new application to **Ben Franklin**'s saying that "Experience is a hard school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that." **Miller**'s method of getting rich was to pay ten per cent. per week on moneys intrusted to him for investment. It is obvious that business can be successfully conducted on that basis for several months, and result in a profit to the conductor, provided he is able to make a sudden and timely end to his relations with his investors, and disappear. **Miller** seems, at this writing, to have accomplished this feat. His plan succeeded in so profuse and conspicuous a degree that he suddenly found public attention focussed on him with unwholesome intensity. Then after a day of more or less reassuring explanations, while dollars by the ten thousand were still rolling in on him, he disappeared.

It would seem as if the merest common-sense—the common common-sense that teaches folks to go in out of the rain—should qualify all sane grown-up persons to recognize that profits of 520 per cent. a year are not possible to ordinary investors. But to a great many people the world of speculation is a wonderland where all things are possible, and where the incredible happens every hour. **Miller** seems to have had no trouble in finding dupes. Persons of his sort rarely find it difficult to deceive the simple-minded. If only the law and the newspapers will let them alone for a few months they can harvest their crop and get out. As it happens, however, they rarely get out in time. The swindler's calculations are seldom nice enough to save even himself from the crash. The bubble usually breaks just a moment too soon. **Miller** evidently had to go in a hurry, and will probably be caught and punished. The notoriety of his case will make enterprises of his sort unpopular for a few months, and then a new artificer of sudden wealth will gull a new coterie of greedy simpletons. So it has been since history began to be written; so it will doubtless be for ages to come.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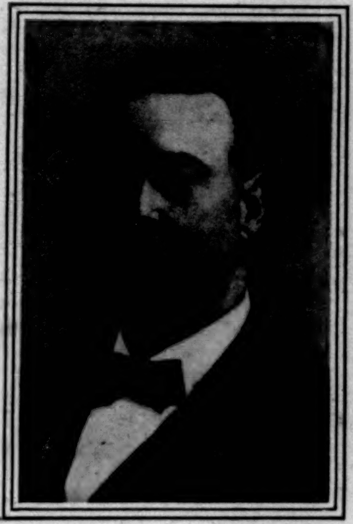
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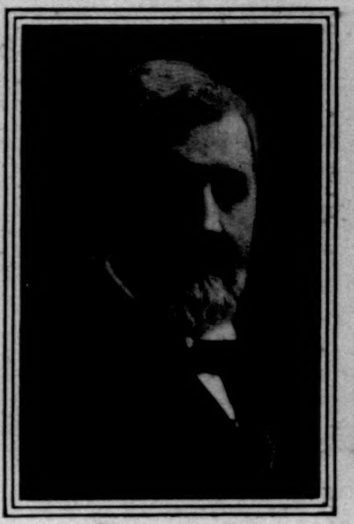
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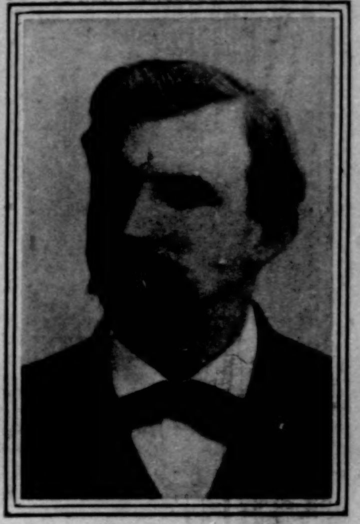
Iowa.


REP. J. D. RICHARDSON,
Tennessee.

SOME PROBABLE LEADERS IN COMING CONGRESSIONAL DEBATE.

THE OPENING OF CONGRESS. *By Edward W. Townsend*

EVEN in those years when "our foreign relations and domestic affairs" have been without special features, the first gathering for the new session of Senators in one chamber, and the organization of the House in another, have never failed to attract crowds to the Capitol. But this year the public interest in the event exceeded, so veteran observers say, even that displayed during the war of the rebellion or the critical days of reconstruction.

The reason for this is the same which has marked with unprecedented liveliness recent campaigns for election to Congress: the amiable national weakness—if it be a weakness—of pride in a vastly increased importance in the estimation of other nations.

The American Congress itself, perhaps, feels like a big younger brother in a family of boys who has been for years condemned by his youth to the doubtful joy of flocking by himself, but whose acquired inches and muscles suddenly bring his elders to a realizing sense that he is a useful member of the family in its sports and feuds. He is discovered to have value when predatory boys of the neighboring block are to be subdued; can join in a sortie on the bullies of a rival school; and is not without effective resources when the spirit of acquisition prompts a raid on a tempting orchard or melon-patch. The elders, accustomed to relegate him to top or hoop when they marched forth armed for baseball or armored for football, now gladly admit him to their training-table, and show him the respect sprung from their awakened consciousness that he would make a dangerous player on the other fellows' team.

To return to our members of Congress. Besides this comfortable feeling is the serious one that they are now for the first time about to deal with matters which will have direct and important results in many lands outside the boundaries of the United States. I speak of this because it produced a political atmosphere in Washington this week distinctly noticeable, and undoubtedly accounted for the unusual interest displayed by members and outsiders in last Monday's opening of the Fifty-sixth Congress.

The Senate does not "organize"; it is a continuing body, which in theory takes up its work on the first Monday in December on alternate years just as on any morning in the middle of a session, except that one-third of its members, the newly elect, are then sworn in. The House is a new body each session, and must go through the process of organizing as if it had never before met; for until a Clerk, himself not yet an official, calls the roll, and the members are sworn in, there are, in theory, no Representatives in Congress.

Early Monday morning, long before the opening hour, thousands of visitors began their walk down Pennsylvania Avenue toward the Capitol. That walk, by-the-way, is a part of visitors' programme for a reason that proves what a vivid historical fact the war of the rebellion is, even in the minds of a generation whose majority can have no personal recollection of its events. In the great review of troops after the surrender the victorious armies marched along Pennsylvania Avenue, and long-cherished pictures and oft-told stories of that grand peace parade have preserved for this generation an interest in the historical avenue sentimentally greater than in anything else in Washington. I was convinced of this upon hearing a party of visitors—and there were women in it—conclude that their time before the opening compelled the omission of a sight of Dewey's house or that avenue walk, and who decided in favor of the route of the famous review!

So, with them to the Capitol; visitors crowded the corridors opening into the galleries in such number that all seats were taken in the unreserved sections as soon as the doors were opened, and disappointed thousands had to content themselves with inspection of the Dome's lesser attractions. The reserved galleries, those accessible only through members' tickets, and the sections reserved for the diplomatic corps and other more or less distinguished or influential visitors, were all filled before the opening hour; for then is the most favorable opportunity to study members.

There is, after all, a reasonable satisfaction in observing how a statesman whose career interests you greets his comrades, smiles, bows, receives compliments and congratulations, or parries the good-natured attack of a political opponent.

Looking down from the gallery heights, the House floor at first seemed to be occupied by a mass of bobbing heads and pumping arms, without visible means of support; but gradually out of the confusion certain centres of activity developed recognizable individuals. Chief of these, naturally, was Representative Henderson of Iowa, Mr. Reed's successor as Speaker. To students of political eccentricity he was especially interesting, because for the first time in the history of Congress there was a selection of a Speaker, in his case, in advance of a party caucus. His caucus nomination was made on Saturday last, as a matter of form, but his selection was made by telegraphic correspondence within a few hours after Mr. Reed's resignation, in last summer's recess. It was a striking example of the worth of personal popularity, as it was on that ground, not special fitness for the office, he gained the prize after a unique campaign. Mr. Henderson is a sadly crippled war veteran, but his manner is that of a robust man of less than middle age. He smiles and laughs easily and frequently. Although Speaker Reed's rules have been readopted for his support and for his guidance he has been for weeks coached by Mr. Reed's parliamentary clerk; it is not unlikely Mr. Henderson is entering upon a session of trials.

Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, who, next to the new Speaker, was most eagerly sought by the eyes of all visitors, is the man under whose ministration the minority will endeavor to find the weak spots in the new Speaker's armor. Mr. Richardson's is a figure easily found in a crowd—tall, spare, straight, and with the traditional stateliness of the old-school Southern statesman. He has dark hair and mustache tinged with gray, dark serious eyes, and to the multitude of members congratulating him—his Republican opponents among the heartiest of them—he bowed with old-fashioned courtesy and reserve.

Let me explain a little how the authority of minority leader is conferred, and what in this session makes its exercise of importance. The minority determined by caucus on a choice for the complimentary vote for Speakership. The recipient of that vote is, by tradition, which rules many things in both Chambers, the acknowledged minority leader. In the session, such as this, next preceding national conventions, the minority leader utilizes the otherwise futile energies of his party in the House to "make politics"—that is, to endeavor, with all the skill and tact he possesses, to put the majority in as unfavorable, and the minority in as favorable, a light as possible before the public. Mr. Richardson is cool, experienced, and is a skilful tactician, as was proved by his successful management of his own campaign for the place in opposition to Mr. Sulzer, the Tammany candidate, Mr. De Armond of Missouri, with a strong Western backing, and Mr. Bankhead of Alabama, who at first divided the Southern support with Mr. Richardson. These defeated candidates were soon singled out on the floor, where they were exercising all their philosophy in meeting the banter which political failure ever inspires.

Three members who were most heartily congratulated by their fellows, and discussed by gallery visitors, were Harmer of Pennsylvania, Ketchem of New York, and Cannon of Illinois. They are the veterans of the House, having already served respectively 26, 26, and 24 years. Another New-Yorker who was conspicuous on the floor for the joviality of the greetings he received was Mr. Cummings, who enjoys the distinction of being the most popular Democrat in the House.

But suddenly the movement, laughter, and chatting on the floor cease as, exactly on the appointed minute, the Clerk-elect of the House raps for order, and a clergyman steps to the platform to offer prayer. Then the business of the organization begins by the Clerk calling the roll of members-elect, who, when they have answered, step forward and take the oath of office.

The election of a Speaker having been pre-arranged beyond the possibility of disturbance, the House now proceeds to record its formal vote in the matter, as a means of getting the verdict of the caucus incorporated in the official records, whereupon Mr. Henderson was escorted from his room to the Speaker's chair, and made his pretty little speech of acknowledgment. The first turn he gives to the machinery thus placed in his charge is for the purpose of carrying out the will of the caucus in the matter of a chief clerk and sergeant-at-arms, and this accomplished, the House is now organized. But though the members are officially seated, they are not so physically, and a lottery for choice of seats is next conducted. The names of all members are placed in a box and drawn by chance, each member, upon his name coming out, making a selection of any unchosen seat. There were several graceful courtesies attending this business, a few veterans being allowed to retain their accustomed seats, and several juniors, whose chances came early, giving them to seniors whose names were yet undrawn. This disposed of, the Speaker appointed a committee to proceed, with a similar body from the Senate, to the White House, there to inform the President that Congress is in session, and to receive from him the Executive Message.

To be sure, the President has been informed already by telephone, and readers of extras in New York and San Francisco already know that the Fifty-sixth Congress is organized and ready for work; but customs do not change readily when they relate to Congressional ceremonies, so the joint committee proceeds on its dignified way to the White House, officially ignoring the fact that its message has been so long anticipated.

The appointment of the committee is the last prescribed routine in the process of organizing the House, and after that, in the language of the observer already quoted, "friendship ceases." Contention over legislation begins, and the battle of politics soon sharply defines party lines, and when they become rigid courtesy becomes slack. For months, with constant struggle, the House will proceed, as Tony Weller described another notable gathering, "passing of resolutions and wotin' of supplies."

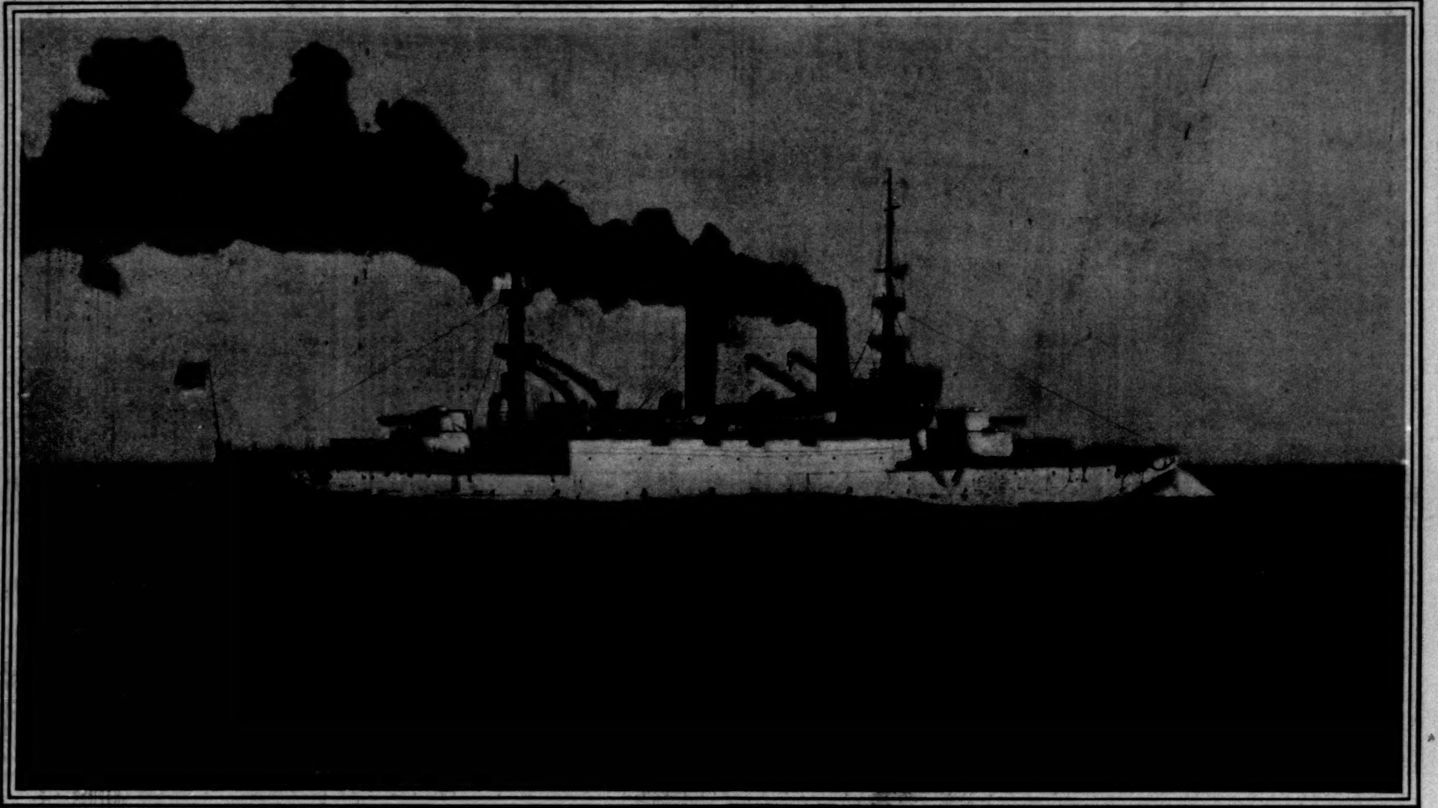
In the Senate Chamber the filled galleries made a smarter picture, owing to the brilliant dresses of the diplomatic corps, and a greater number of ladies, whose gowns and millinery indicated a preference of the more fashionable folk for the Senate rather than the House spectacle. The less crowded floor, too, was bright with a profusion of flowers—expressions of admiration, or, possibly, of hope for office—addressed to Senators by constituents, and heaped high on desks by knickerbockered pages.

It is not the custom of Senators to emerge from their cloak-rooms into the Chamber till very near the opening time; but on Monday the intenser interest spoken of seemed to affect the members of that usually unemotional body, and to the satisfaction of the galleries many of the notables were on the floor a fair time before the President *pro tempore* gravely rapped for order.

The new Senator to attract most attention was Mr. Depew, who was not too much impressed by his added honors to repay with a smile the gallery interest he saw displayed in him. The appearance of Senator Hanna, reported to be ill, but looking affably calm, was the occasion of a buzz of gallery comment, of which he remained seemingly unconscious. Senators Allison and Jones of Nevada, the oldest two members in time of service, entered the Chamber to begin each his twenty-seventh year of Senatorship, and were notably conspicuous subjects of comment. Senator Hoar, beginning his twenty-third year in the Senate, attracted greater attention, however, for the reason, probably, that he is counted upon as certain to enliven this year's session by strenuous opposition to some administration measures. The interest a fighter always excites was the gallery's tribute to the venerable Massachusetts statesman.

Owing to the recent death of the Vice-President, the proceedings in the Senate were curtailed to the bare formality of roll-call and swearing in the newly elected members, yet nothing more was required to put "the continuing body" into condition to proceed, after receiving the President's message, with the labor of legislation.

Thus a new Congress opened, and I venture the judgment that it is a body possessing the intelligence, earnestness, and patriotism to insure wise legislative solutions of the weighty and involved problems it must meet.



U. S. S. "KENTUCKY" CROSSING THE LINE AT FINISH OF HER TRIAL RUN.

Copyright, 1899, by N. L. Stebbins.

The first-class battle-ship "Kentucky," sister ship of the "Kearsarge," had her speed trial trip, over the Cape Ann course, on November 24. She made 16.867 knots. The time for the entire trip over the 66-mile course was 3 hours, 55 min., and 30 sec. The "Kentucky" was built by the Newport News Ship-building Company.

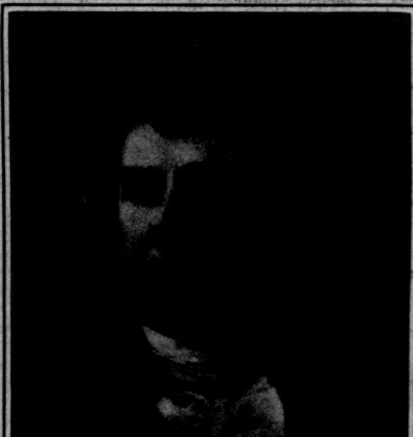
The Funeral of the late Vice-President

THERE was nothing perfunctory in the last tributes of respect paid to the memory of Vice-President Hobart. The promptness with which the decision was reached that the whole Senate should constitute the funeral committee, and the exceptionally large attendance of members-elect of the House of Representatives, attested the esteem in which he was held by his associates in public life; while the mighty outpouring of the people of Paterson, New Jersey, which for the day became a city of mourning, showed how his neighbors felt toward him after the test of a lifetime. Business in Paterson was generally suspended. The bells of most of the churches joined in tolling for two hours in the morning, and in not a few of them special services were held. Then the tolling was resumed, till the time set for the public funeral at the Church of the Redeemer. This was preceded by a brief and simple service at Carroll Hall, Mr. Hobart's home, attended only by his family and a few intimate friends. Two companies of regular troops from Governors Island did police duty about the grounds. The procession to the church was uneventful, but the solemn stillness of the onlookers impressed every one. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms, chiefly white lilies, chrysanthemums, and orchids. The great organ was almost smothered with smilax, and the fonts in front of the pulpit, near which the coffin was placed, were covered with American Beauty roses.

In prominent seats were the President of the United States and the members and ex-members of his cabinet; the justices of the Supreme Court; all the members of both Houses of Congress who had been able to get together on the short notice given; the Governor of New Jersey, and leading State, county, and city officers; and representatives of the most important educational, industrial, and political organizations with which the late Vice-President had been either personally or officially connected.

The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. David D. Magie, of the Church of the Redeemer, assisted by the Rev. Charles P. Shaw, of the Second Presbyterian Church of Paterson. After an organ prelude and a lesson read from the Bible, the Orpheus Club sang, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Dr. Magie then announced his text, which was composed of several passages of Scripture, and delivered a sermon of some length, in which he dwelt with warmth upon the high ideals and purity of character preserved by Mr. Hobart through life, and added this reference to a pathetic incident which has perhaps escaped general notice: "On a pleasure-trip in a foreign land, among strangers, he lost the only daughter of his home, a most gentle, loving spirit. He said, in speaking of the event, 'There seemed nothing left out that could add to the bitterness of the sorrow,' yet he did not complain. He took up again the work of life, and to many he seemed unchanged. But in that great sorrow was the beginning of the end. Here, where he was best known and loved, he came back to die." In the prayer which followed, Dr. Magie said: "The Lord gave: how precious the gift! The Lord hath taken away: how heavy the bereavement! But blessed be the name of the Lord, the God of all comfort, in whom are consolation and undying hope! We trust he lives in Thee, although in our feeble speech we call him dead."

The personal pall-bearers were Attorney-General Griggs, Edward T. Bell, Franklin Murphy, General Joseph W. Congdon, Judge J. Franklin Fort, George F. Baker, E. A. Walton, and Colonel William Barbour. By their hands the body of the late Vice-President was laid in the receiving-vault at Cedar Lawn Cemetery, whence it will be removed when the tomb now preparing for it is finished.



CHARLES COGHLAN.

Charles Coghlan

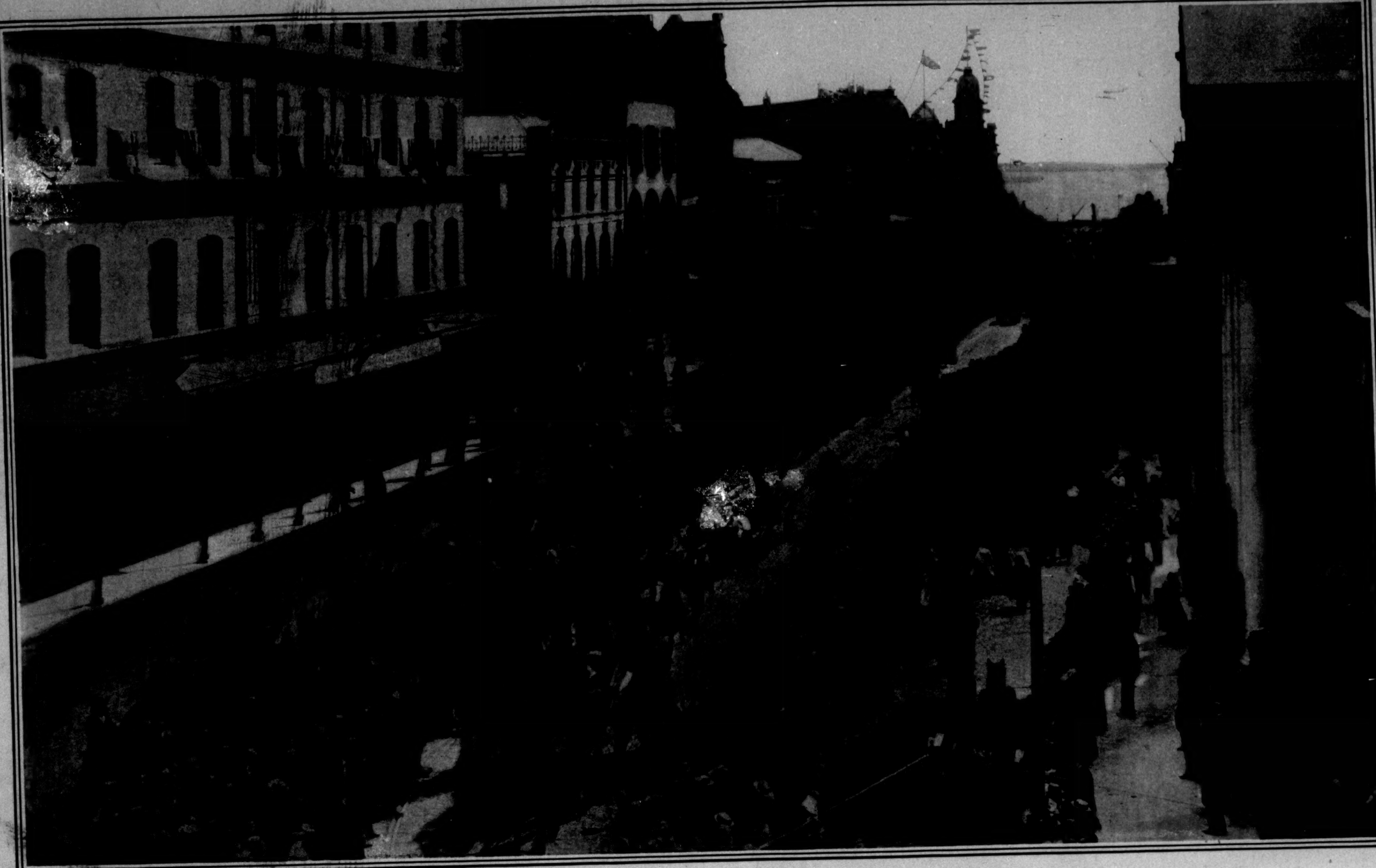
DURING the lifetime of Charles Coghlan the world was much occupied with the tale of his misdeeds—the irregularity of his private life, his frequent outbursts of ungoverned temper, the physical excesses that perhaps contributed to his death. Now that he has gone, time and eternity seem too poor to celebrate the genius of the man. That he had the making of the best romantic comedian of our time is the least an enemy could say; his many friends and admirers remember rather the occasions—all too rare in the later years—on which for a time he realized, or seemed to realize, all of his extraordinary possibilities; for at those times he set a new bound, in the judgment of his hearers, to the possibilities of the art of acting.

He was born in Paris, in 1848, of Irish stock. His father was an English clergyman. He appeared first at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and made his first striking success in 1870, at the age of twenty-nine at the Prince of Wales Theatre, of which he was leading man for about six years. Notable among his performances were the very dissimilar parts of *Alfred Evelyn* in "Money," and *Charles Surface*. The range of his abilities, is further shown by the fact that he gave competent performances of *Antonio*, of *Mercutio*, and of *Shylock*, and a not discreditable performance of *Hamlet*. Of late years he has played only in America. To the present generation of theatre-goers he is most vividly remembered as *Alec D'Urberville* in Mrs. Fiske's production of "Tess of the Durbervilles," *Clarence* in "The Royal Box," an adaptation of his own from the elder Dumas's "Edmond Kean," and last of all in the title rôle of his own play of "Citizen Pierre," which had a short and ill-starred life last April at Mr. Edwin Knowles's Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. During the present season he has been travelling with "The Royal Box" through the cities of the Southwest. He died at Galveston, of acute gastritis, after an illness of four weeks.

As an actor he possessed a faultless combination of spontaneous mimique and studied finish. His great mark of distinction from other leading actors of the day lay in the fact that at all times what he expressed was not so much a popular personality as that intrinsic individuality of mind which denotes an artist. To take the most familiar examples, his moody and cruel *Alec D'Urberville* was as distant as the poles from his generous and distinguished *Clarence* and *Citizen Pierre;* while of the two latter parts *Clarence* was characterized by exalted, if misgoverned, passion, and *Citizen Pierre* by the stoical strength and sweetness of a gentleman of France. He got into the skin of all his parts, and, for the time being, lived them. This peculiar gift was no doubt due in part at least to the training in the old school of acting which he received as leading man at the Prince of Wales Theatre. At that time the writing of plays was at a low ebb, and even the greatest actor was denied the luxury of having good parts written about his personal peculiarities—or indeed, for the matter of that, he was denied the luxury of good new parts of any kind. The result was that an actor was commendable in proportion as he succeeded in sinking his personal peculiarities, and bending the individual tenor of his mind to the requirements of the various stock rôles. A sore trial to personal vanity it may have been, but it begot a reverence for impersonative art such as no other training could give. Since then the enormous increase in the theatre-going public, and our greater facility in transportation have made it lucrative and easy for an actor to repeat a successful performance scores and hundreds of times. What is perhaps more inportant, we have nowadays a compact and intelligent body of playwrights who in the pursuance of their craft quite rightly study the peculiarities of the actor for whom they are writing. The leading man of to-day is the actor-manager. He has plays written for him, as his coats are made, and he is apt to play them until they are worn out in every paying city in the land. The result has been a gradual abatement of impersonative art. Those who remember Coghlan in his various interpretations have purely an intellectual experience that is every day becoming more impossible.

Viewing him in the synthesis of retrospect, one recalls his graceful and commanding carriage—that of a gentleman to the finger-tips—his rich voice, the brilliancy and buoyance of his delivery, the natural and lifelike transitions of his successive emotions, and the warm corporeal color of all of them—the vicious as well as the noble. And these attributes, which are the attributes of genius, will endure in memory and in the history of the stage long after the names of more widely popular actors are forgotten. The tragedy of Coghlan's life lay in the fact that he lacked tenacity and ambition commensurate with his powers. Instead of a broken wanderer, he should have died a leader and an inspiration among the members of one of the greatest of professions.

JOHN CORBIN.



THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER AT CAPE TOWN, OCTOBER 31, 1899.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE have been times within the last two years when we have been sorry for good and gallant men who acted their part well in war, because what is poetically termed their "meed of fame" has not reached the dimensions of the meeds accorded to some other persons whose deserts seemed not materially greater than theirs. The renown that accrued from the war with Spain and the subsequent embarrassments in the Philippines adhered in conspicuous masses to Dewey, Roosevelt, Hobson, Schley, Funston, and others, while scores of other faithful fighting-men, either from lack of opportunity or lack of advertisement, came out of the war without important accretions of rank or popular glory. We have grieved a good deal and complained a little about the comparative neglect of these less honored ones, but fortune, as now begins to appear, may have been kinder to them than has been suspected. The first victim of the affections of a people was Hobson, whose prodigious vogue, through mighty little fault of his own, succumbed to a combination of popular foolishness and newspaper sensationalism. Newspapers and foolish women between them made him appear so ridiculous that his best friends must have been glad to have him find a refuge in the Far East. More recently Admiral Dewey has been subjected to a very curious outburst of local vituperation, and General Funston has been attacked in his own State with malicious representations. Not one of these recoils has seemed warranted in any degree by the conduct of either of the victims. Admiral Schley's popularity has been under fire since it began, and though it holds out well, it seems likely in the end to cause him serious embarrassment. Roosevelt has not suffered as yet from any considerable lapse of public favor, but in his case his enormous activity in politics has diverted attention from his military exploits, and lessened the chances of criticism by changing the subject. So, while nothing amounting to absolute disaster has resulted from popular adulation, the drawbacks to being a popular hero have been clearly enough demonstrated to relieve our minds a good deal, and make us uncertain whether we ought not to withdraw our sympathies from the heroes who have remained comparatively obscure and transfer it to the wearers of the halos. Admiral Sampson seems now to occupy the most secure place of any officer who held high rank in the late war. Never having perched on the glory-crowned heights, he is not exposed to the deleterious notice of the light-headed or to the derision of the vulgar. History will settle with him in full, and meanwhile he goes his way in peace.

THE attack on Admiral Dewey will be forgotten presently, so far as it concerns him, but it is likely to be long remembered as an illustration of the singular composition and temperament of the population of Washington. There is no city in the world—certainly none in America—at all like Washington. There is always a lot of very important persons temporarily resident there, and more or less associated with them are permanent residents, some socially important, but most of them of no special account in any way. Yet the tendency is for the very unimportant part of the Washington population to come to feel that, being at the seat of government, it is part of the government, and that its views and whims are matters of moment to the country. This element in Washington has now made a record, and has won itself a reputation for foolishness which has never been approached by the people of any other American city. For many years the malariousness of the capital was a drawback to it as a place of residence. That is understood to have been corrected, but the popular conclusion will be that something must still ail the air of the town that tends to affect the judgment of a large proportion of its citizens.

WHAT is going to become of Governor Roosevelt's great theory of the strenuous life? It has prevailed now with a good deal of virulence for several years, and it seems reasonable to wonder whether the time is not approaching when tranquillity and conservatism will have another inning, and Rudyard Kipling will have to fit new strings to his lyre, and English youth will begin to doubt whether it is really a glorious privilege to die for the extension of the empire. Are we to have a season of repose, when the mass of the people will turn from Anthony Hope to Henry James, and prize-fights will be discouraged even in New York? Maybe so. Football is enormously popular this fall, and deserves to be, for it has been very lively and very clean; but football for twenty-two young men, with seats around the ring for 35,000 spectators, is not absolutely inconsistent with considerable self-restraint in the matter of strenuosity. The strength of the idea of the strenuous life is in its being in the main a good idea, and also in the fact that the more strenuous bird seems to get the worm. Whenever it is observed that strenuosity is overstraining itself, and the circumspect bird is picking up worms that the strenuous bird has bustled over, strenuosity will get a little setback, and no doubt we will be there to see it.

THE charges of undue influence brought against Yale by a nephew of the late Professor Marsh have thus far afforded the public much more entertainment than concern. Mr. Waters, the nephew, avers that Yale, through its officers and agents, not only led Professor Marsh into large investments of labor and money for the benefit of the university, but encouraged him in the belief that there was no future life for him or any one else, and that it behooved him to grasp such a degree of immortality as he could contrive by leaving all he had to it.

The idea of President Dwight or President Hadley exerting himself to sow seeds of materialism in the mind of such a man as Professor Marsh is so ingenious that one is bound to admire the audacity of the gentleman who ventures to submit it to the contemplation of a court of justice. Professor Marsh was doubtless a man of divers peculiarities, but doubtless also his peculiarities were his own, and neither borrowed nor reflected.

Yale's funds, according to a recent report of Treasurer Farnham, have more than doubled in the thirteen years of President Dwight's administration, and amount now to $4,823,278. The university is somewhat embarrassed by the prospect of being obliged to undertake extensive building operations at a time when such work is particularly expensive. The proposed Memorial Hall, which is to cost $400,000, and the plans for which are being made by Carrère & Hastings, is needed for the impending two-hundredth anniversary, and cannot wait until iron is cheap again. Paid-in subscriptions for this hall amount now to about $90,000.

A NUMBER of our zealous fellow-countrymen have lately been interesting themselves in the personal habits of President McKinley. On October 13, in Boston, Chairman Samuel Dickey, of the National Prohibition Committee, proclaimed to a large audience in Tremont Temple that a week before, at a great dinner in Chicago, there were five kinds of wine, "and out of the five, by actual count, President McKinley drank four, clinking glasses with his neighbors." This was a pretty shocking allegation, and stirred the President's Methodist friends to make inquiries.

The result was that at a meeting of the Epworth League, in Chicago, Bishop Ninde said that he had been informed that the President had told Bishop Walden of Cincinnati, that the statement that he had been guilty of drinking wine at a banquet in Chicago, or elsewhere, was untrue. Bishop Ninde also said that he "had it from a bishop in Washington, who purposely had a personal conversation with the President, that Mr. McKinley told him that he had at all times been very observant of the laws of the Methodist Church and had obeyed them." Now one of the rules of the Methodist Church forbids drinking spirituous liquors, unless in cases of extreme necessity. The necessity of drinking wine at a banquet in Chicago will seem to many persons to be reasonably urgent, and the President might well have been excusable under the rules for doing so; but if he has said that he didn't drink at Chicago, Brother Dickey must be mistaken, and was either suffering himself from ocular confusion at that banquet, or supposed the President was really drinking wine when he was merely going through the motions.

The Methodist brethren seem to be uncommonly vigilant in their superintendence of the President. If we ever have a Roman Catholic President, and his bishops supervise him as relentlessly as these Methodist prelates do Mr. McKinley, it will cause complaint.

Whether or not the President ever drinks wine at all, it has never been suggested that he exceeded the bounds of stringent moderation, whereas it has been rumored that when the cares of state have been particularly oppressive he has sometimes smoked more cigars than were good for his health. If there is a Methodist rule against smoking more than three cigars a day, which the President could be constrained to live up to, it might be worth his bishops' while to enforce it. But in the matter of drink they don't seem to be doing him any good.

IT is worth noting that, in spite of the interest the Methodists take in the President, and in spite of his reciprocation of their concern, there is a great deal of complaint among them that he is not much of a Methodist after all. It is a very sore point that he has not interfered to compel the abolition of the canteen in the army.

So in another case. It will be remembered that when he went to Chicago to lay a corner-stone immense pains were taken to have everything connected with that ceremony entirely satisfactory to all the labor-unions, and he had to be made a union stone-layer before he could venture to handle a trowel. Inasmuch as his acquiescence in all conditions in that case seemed complete and painstaking, it is interesting to see it reported in a Boston paper that at a recent Knights of Labor Convention in Faneuil Hall a set of resolutions was adopted arraigning him as "the bitter enemy of labor," and asking workingmen to vote against him.

All the time, it would seem, a President stands between the devil and the deep sea; and whatever he does, be it of small consequence or great, some organization stands ready to revile him.

EXTRAORDINARY stories are current about the labor situation in Chicago. There was a hint of what the unions could do in the negotiations that lately preceded the laying of the corner-stone of the new Chicago Post Office by the President; but a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* tells some tales that are still more illuminating. A Chicago man, he says, who broke off a gas-jet in his bedroom, went to buy a piece of pipe to fix it with. The salesman refused to sell it to him because he was not a journeyman gas-fitter, and could not show a card from the Gas-fitters' Union. Some contractors sold a lot of old iron piping to a second-hand dealer, who came with his wagon to get it. As he was loading it he was stopped by members of the Steam-fitters' Union, who told him that no one but union steam-fitters could handle that pipe. He employed two union steam-fitters, at $4 50 a day each, to load his wagons. A stone arch in a building was completed, except putting the cap-stone in place. The workmen who were preparing to hoist it were stopped by a walking delegate, who claimed the job for the Hoisting Engineers' Union. Work was stopped until a union hoister appeared to raise a forty-pound stone to its place.

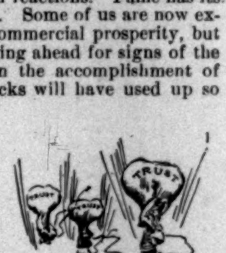
These seem like incredible stories, but the *Post* prints them as though it believed them, and gives others that are quite as remarkable. There is now, it seems, a proposition to compel the Chicago Aldermen to withdraw police protection from non-union workmen, and allow the union men to have their sweet will with them. It would seem as if something very heavy was about to drop in Chicago, and, indeed, word comes that the contractors and builders have warned the unions that they must modify their rules or prepare for a lock-out on January 1.

THE efforts of Commander Richard Leary to introduce the strenuous life and other rudiments of American civilization into the island of Guam are receiving the respectful attention of his countrymen. Guam until eighteen months ago was one of the least strenuous places on the earth. It was warm there and very tranquil. There were no fashions, no newspapers, no trusts, no labor unions, and it was very easy to get a living. Guam was slow. Everything was lax and behind the times there, including morals. All the same, it was a peaceful island, and a pleasant subject for the mind to dwell on while riding a bicycle down Fifth Avenue or hanging by a strap on the Elevated road. Guam suggested repose. It is different since Governor Leary got there and began to improve it. The Governor reports that finding the Spanish friars troublesome, he has exported most of them; that finding the population disinclined to industry, he has decreed that every man who has no trade shall till the soil or be adjudged a vagrant; that finding illegitimacy prevalent, he has ordered all persons who ought to be married to procure licenses and get married at once. He has also commanded all the folks in Guam to become property-owners without delay, take up land, amass hens and pigs, and plant crops, under pain of being vagrants. He has sent home for medical stores, saw-mills, ice-machines, and additional officers—the last largely for the benefit of their example. He needs footballs too, though he doesn't say so. No slothful people can be trained to strenuosity without footballs and a band to play "A Hot Time in the Old Town."

It is a long time since the South Seas saw a missionary that was the equal of Governor Leary. The civilized man must sympathize with his aspirations and approve his measures. Of course the natural man won't. He will sigh, and say it was a mortal pity to spoil a nice island where there was nothing to do and every one did it. He will mourn for Guam, sympathize with the lazy and immoral natives, and declare that old times were best. That is the sort of person the natural man is. No wonder he is so berated in the catechisms.

COMMANDER LEARY'S government in Guam may seem to some readers to err on the side of paternalism; but, after all, there are signs that we in "the States" are verging in that direction too. The curfew laws which have become so prevalent in recent years indicate a decided disposition to supplement parental authority by municipal vigilance, and only three weeks ago the newspapers reported that the city council of Des Moines had passed an ordinance making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment for any person to be found "loitering on the streets after eleven o'clock at night." Doubtless the enforcement of such rules is left to the discretion of the police, and where the discretion is sound the rule may work well, but early to bed must be a very general rule in Des Moines if eleven o'clock is looked upon as a suspicious time of night.

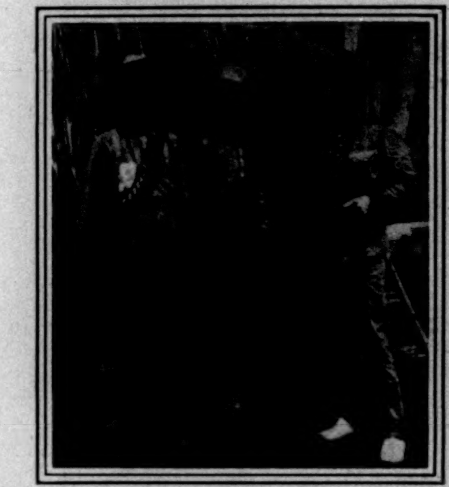
WE count with confidence on reactions. Fame has its recoil, as above remarked. Some of us are now experiencing a season of great commercial prosperity, but all the while observers are looking ahead for signs of the next commercial setback, when the accomplishment of the enterprises now on the stocks will have used up so much money that the world will have to wait until more has been saved up. The world never stops going round, but in all the particulars of its whirlings in which human agencies count it goes by fits and starts. The tendency towards trusts has been one of the spectacles of the year. No doubt we shall presently see a reaction towards the state of affairs in which every man tries to attend to his own business. And so with expansion and the higher criticism. They will have their lulls.



MR. MAURICE GRAU is quoted as declaring that he does not propose to take any more chances in offering grand opera to Chicago, and that he will not take his company there again unless a suitable sum of money is guaranteed to him. Mr. Grau has been used to take his company every year to Chicago and to Boston, but he says that for three successive years Chicago has shown increasing apathy towards grand opera, and that notwithstanding that the best seats which bring $5 in New York are sold for $3 50 in Chicago, and the boxes which bring $60 in New York are sold in Chicago for $25.

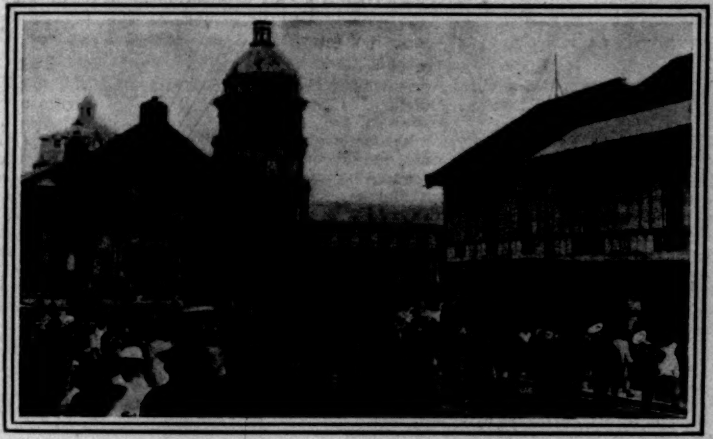
Other persons besides Mr. Grau have learned that Chicago will not spend its money for some things that find a ready sale in New York. There are articles of diet, for instance, for which there is a large and steady market in New York, which Chicago cannot be induced to buy in important quantities. The second-best at a less price seems to suit Chicago better. That is creditable to Chicago's thrift, but it illustrates one of the differences between a young city and an old one.

GENERAL MACARTHUR AND GENERAL WHEATON, WITH THEIR STAFFS, ON A TOUR OF INSPECTION AT ANGELES.



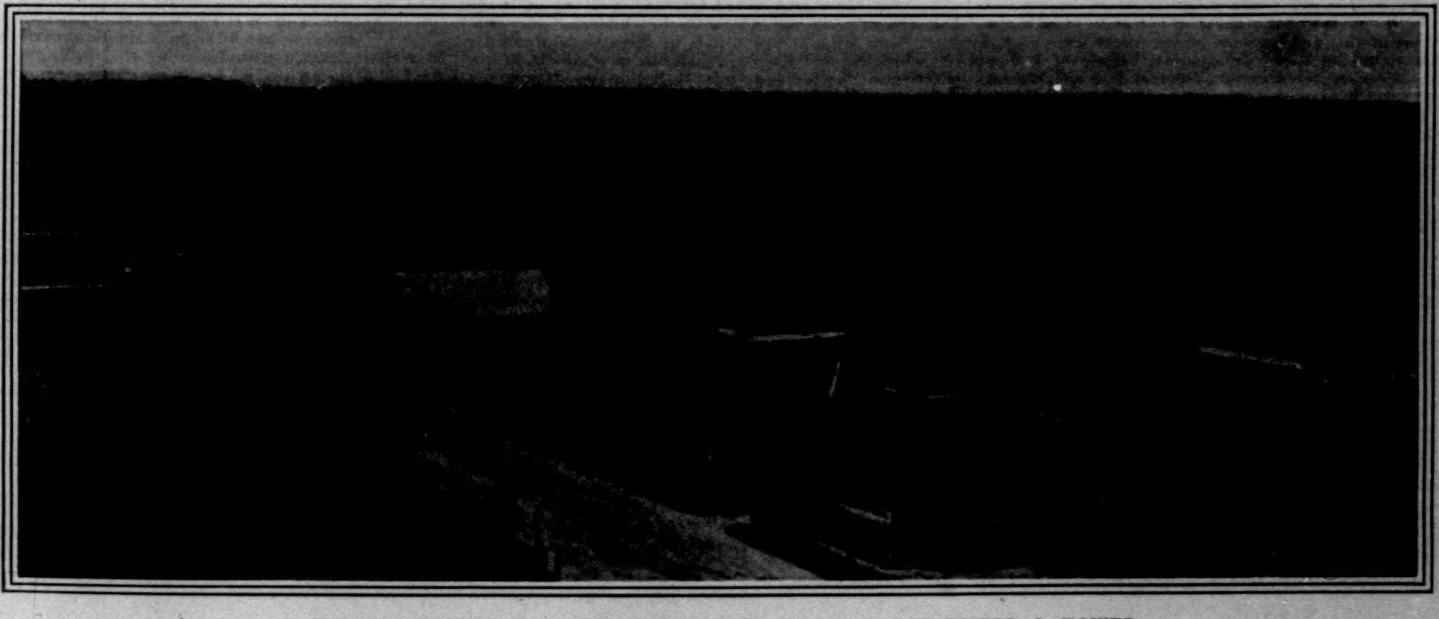
LIEUTENANT BATSON, AND MACCABEBE SCOUTS.

LOADING TROOPS AT CALULUT FOR ANGELES.



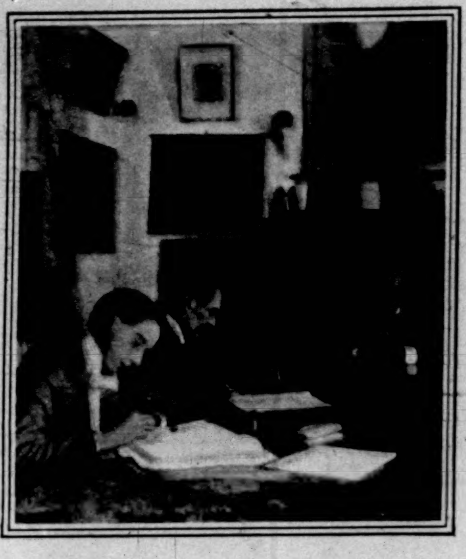
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. D. MILEY'S FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING THE CATHEDRAL, MANILA.

ARTILLERY OUTPOST GUARDING THE RAILROAD TRACK AT ANGELES.



VIEW OF ANGELES, LOOKING NORTHWARD FROM THE CATHEDRAL TOWER.

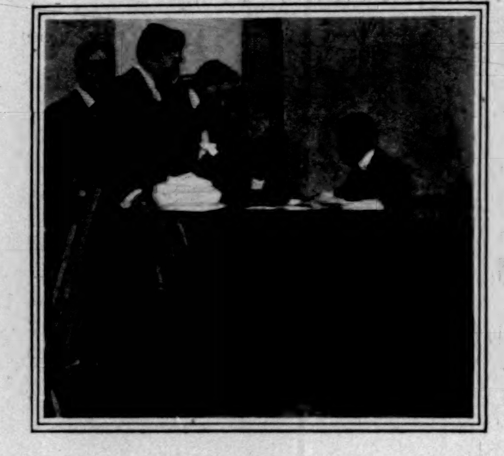
THE PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION—SCENES ALONG THE LINE OF THE AMERICAN ARMY'S ADVANCE.



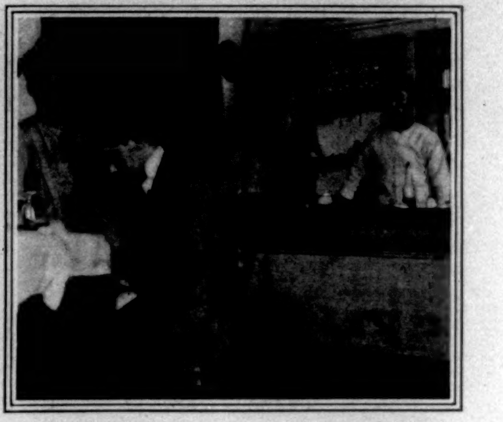
TAKING CENSUS IN SPANISH SCHOOL-HOUSE.

WOMAN CENSUS-TAKER ON HER ROUNDS.

STARTING OUT FOR THE DAY'S WORK AFTER REPORTING.



CHIEF RASCO INSTRUCTING ENUMERATORS.



TAKING CENSUS IN CHINESE CANTINA.

THE CENSUS-TAKERS IN THE CUBAN CAPITAL.

Photographs by W. Root.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN CUBA

THE intervention resolutions of Congress which marked the actual beginning of hostilities between the United States and Spain declared that it was the purpose of this country to keep its armed forces in Cuba solely "for the pacification thereof," with the intention ultimately of restoring the government to the people of the island when a state of peace should exist there. In one sense peace has existed in Cuba ever since the Spanish troops left the island, but it has not been peace in the sense contemplated by the resolutions of Congress. There have been no notable outbreaks of disorder, commerce has revived, agriculture, especially tobacco-growing, has gained strength, the hungry have been fed, and the unemployed generally have found work. Still, the armed forces of the United States remain in the island, and the prospect of their departure is not immediate. The peace that exists in Cuba rests entirely upon the presence of American soldiers.

It has been apparent, however, that the time is approaching to test the experiment of self-government in Cuba, to which the solemn faith of the government of the United States is pledged. Trustworthy data, however, must be secured upon which to base even the crudest kind of self-government. Many of our army officers saw the need of this, and as soon as our forces were in full possession of the island information, largely of a character of a census, was secured. General James H. Wilson, in command in Matanzas, was probably the first to obtain data of this kind in Cuba. He soon learned the population in his province, the number of horses, cows, and other animals, and on this basis went to work to pacify the province in earnest. He set up local governments, started the schools in many places, and used his information in an effort to restore the people to a normal condition—that is, one of industry and of mutual confidence. General Wood in Santiago, General Davis in Pinar del Rio, and General Ludlow in Havana also secured valuable data regarding the condition of the people.

Still, this was not a general census, and the President decided early in the fall to take a strict census, so that he might know the actual condition of the people of Cuba. No scheme of self-government could be expected to be stable unless full information as to the daily life of the Cubans was gathered. Accordingly the work was placed under the supervision of Brigadier-General Sanger, who served under General Wilson in Matanzas province. General Sanger believes in scientific, thorough work, and probably no better officer could have been selected. He made a study of census methods, drew up a plan, appointed subordinate officers, and went to work promptly. The questions asked were simple. They embraced the ordinary questions as to population, such as sex, age, birthplace, and occupation. Data were to be secured regarding the financial situation of the people, the subject of literacy, the number of animals (especially those used in agriculture), the number of widows and orphans, and the like.

The island was districted and subdistricted, and a proper length of time was spent in securing enumerators. These were mostly young people of both sexes. They were competent, energetic, and were instructed to be patient, and to explain fully why the census was being taken and what it really meant. The work of enumeration has been going on systematically for several weeks. It is nearing completion, and when the results are tabulated the administration at Washington will have data upon which it may proceed intelligently. This data will show just how many people there are in Cuba, where they live, what the sex and ages are, how many can read and write, how many widows and orphans there are, the condition of individual prosperity, the condition in a general way of agriculture and commerce—so far as they apply to individuals—the present situation as to self-government, the condition as to the education, and, to some extent, to the sanitary needs of the people. It is also probable that some definite conclusions will be obtained as to the ideas of the people regarding their future government.

All these facts will be of value in deciding as to the best way of restoring Cuba to the Cubans. They will show how large a proportion of the people are fit for office-holding, and they will indicate to what extent the privilege of the franchise may be bestowed. It may not be to the best interests of Cuba to grant a manhood franchise, and how deep a part the color-line may be expected to play in internal affairs may be indicated in part. Information as to civic affairs in the shape of debts will also be valuable, and it will also be interesting to know how many starving and idle there are in the island.

It has become evident that the first step to relieve the Cubans of American military rule will be the appointment of a civil governor of the island, and the restoration of civil functions to the local governments to such an extent as existed before the war. What the next step will be must be a matter of profound study. It is improbable that Congress will interfere with the plans that the administration may form. One thing is practically self-evident: no ready-made plan of self-government can be imposed upon the island off-hand. It must be a matter of gradual growth. Local governments will probably be set up in cities and towns first. Then will come government by provinces. Finally a general assembly will probably be called to determine the scope and future of the government of the island. The crucial thing to be decided in Washington is the question as to limitations of the suffrage. The census will shed light on the intricacies of the problem. When that matter is fixed, the other steps of reconstruction may be taken with more or less speed.

Two important reforms, however, can be set in operation at once, without waiting for the establishment of self-government. One is the institution of an able and pure judiciary. Cuba is still groaning under corrupt methods of judicial procedure. The other imperative need is the establishment of a public-school system. Matters of taxation, civic administration, and other reforms can wait for these two necessities. The Cubans can change the methods and scope of these when once they come into their own, and it is probably along these lines that the civil governor who may be appointed will proceed with his first work of reconstruction. The revelations of the census will give form to the subsequent effort to determine how competent the Cubans are to face the perplexing problems of self-government—a task to which hitherto they have been unaccustomed.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

A Model Soldier—in Stone

AS the visitor in Paris comes up the Seine, of a pleasant afternoon, on one of the little steamboats, or strolls along the quais in the Trocadéro quarter, he will notice that the Alma Bridge possesses on one of its westerly pilasters three statues—one of them a simple zouave, carved in a characteristic attitude, facing the rushing water at the foot of the arch which he guards. It is not well known that this zouave is no fancy figure, but modelled from a remarkable soldier of the Second Regiment of Zouaves, and that, moreover, he still lives, though not at Passy, but afar in Algeria. His military life certainly was individualized enough to deserve mention, if not the fine stone-portrait that one of the sculptors for the Pont d'Alma gave him. The man's name is Bérigot. He was much distinguished in his soldierly duty at the battle of the Alma, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—no less. But he misconducted himself in peace, and an escapade cashiered him, and nearly drummed him out of camp, to boot. At Inkermann he fought and recovered his decorative and good name. Soon after he fell into a violent state of quarrel with a corporal, and cut off the corporal's ears. That exploit sent Bérigot to the galleys—or would have done so. He contrived to escape. He deserted the army, and became an Algerian, married a rich Algerian girl, turned Mohammedan, *pro tempore*, and so ingratiated himself with the people of the little village that received him as to be chosen its head man. Then came the French war with the Kabyles. Bérigot saved a French detachment from a Kabyle ambush. His entrance into grace and the French service ensued. His sins were pardoned, and his old regiment received the lost sheep with open arms. In Italy, Bérigot did some amazing deeds of valor, and won back his Legionary cross!

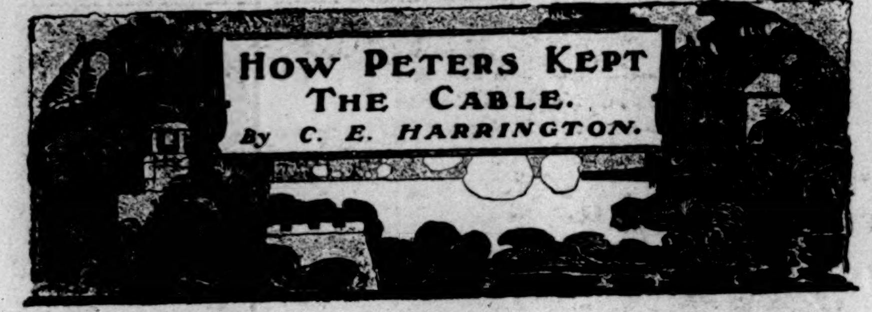
CARRYING THE CASKET TO THE HEARSE.

PALL-BEARERS LEADING THE PROCESSION.

UNITED STATES SENATORS FOLLOWING THE HEARSE.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY ARRIVING AT THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LATE VICE-PRESIDENT GARRET A. HOBART, AT PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, NOVEMBER 24, 1899.—[SEE PAGE 1228.]



HOW PETERS KEPT THE CABLE.

By C. E. HARRINGTON.

THE military "garrison" at Port Beauce, on the westernmost nub of Haiti, was excited one May afternoon, while Cervera was groping for a safe route from the Windward Islands to Cuba for his doomed ships. The local detachment of the Haitian army, of about twenty-three fantastical regulars, had been hurriedly mobilized on the plaza before the Lieutenant-General's palace—a building that seemed an architectural cross between a Chinese laundry and a native bungalow—while a battalion of two privates had been detailed to the water-front to determine the cause for the alarming reports that had been brought in by a messenger from the mole. He said there was a steamer in the offing which flew no flag, was apparently heavily armed, and had paid no attention to the warning shot fired at her from the archaic blunderbuss of the indolent lookout at the light-house on the headland. The neutral honor of Haiti in the war then raging should be observed, and the Lieutenant-General, with his entire military establishment, was preparing for active defence.

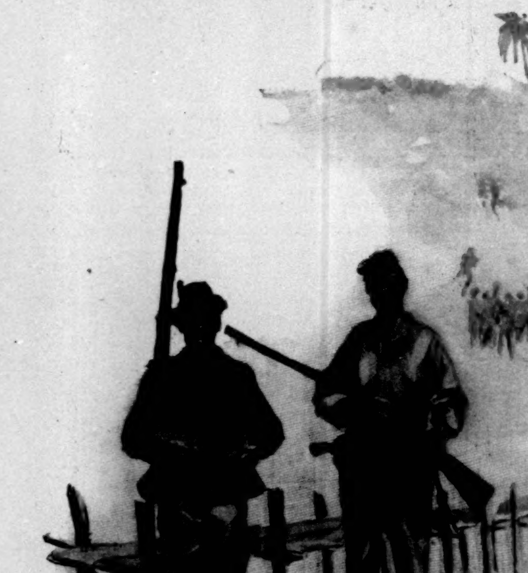
The reason for the nervous preparations to resist what seemed the invasion of this deplorably wretched port was the sudden appearance of a gray steamer, that might have once been a pleasure-yacht, so fine were her lines. She had come like a phantom from out the leaden, swirling storm that for a week had tumbled the waters of the Windward Passage. The craft had, to the imaginative negro observer, seemed a battle-ship in size and strength. She was but a dainty yacht, however, without the slightest evidence of war armament or hostile intent.

As the yacht rounded to and dropped anchor, the American ensign was broken out, and then a boat put off for shore.

As to the exact name and location on the map of Port Beauce it is scarcely necessary to go into details. It will be sufficient to say, in a general way, that during the period covered by these particular events which linked the Windward Passage with the outer world, and as the base of direct and quick communication regarding war happenings, it was of greater importance than the more remote cable station at Port au Prince, or at Kingston, Jamaica.

It was at this juncture that the yacht came so suddenly and audaciously, that evening in May, into the harbor of Port Beauce. Normally Port Beauce was a peaceful place, with only a tumble-down watch-tower at the far-away end of the mole that shuts the ocean from the harbor, and a miserable dozen or more of architectural monstrosities which sheltered the populace.

The military detachment from the plaza had drawn up on the beach, and was sternly awaiting the further movements of the stranger, to the accompaniment of the spreading music of the energetic mules of the place, which echoed the call to arms. When the boat drew up at the landing-place it contained, besides its crew of somewhat mixed types, a young man who acted as his own coxswain, and was apparently in authority. He might have been thirty-five years of age. He wore duck trousers, once white, but now of that rich muddy hue that comes of unskilled sea laundering and the infrequent use of soap. A blue negligee shirt, canvas shoes defying classification, and a broad-brimmed white felt hat completed his attire. His face was stubbly with an insistent beard, his eyes keen and restless, his movements nervous, alert.



"A BATTALION OF TWO PRIVATES HAD BEEN DETAILED TO THE WATER-FRONT."

"Bon soir," he said, to no one in particular, as he stepped upon the rickety float near the landing-stage, and added, in English: "Where'n thunder is the boss of this town—the Mayor, Governor, General, or whatever you call him—the head man of the place? Quien sabe? Understand?"

Although his vocabulary of French patois was apparently limited, and his uncertainty as to the local lingo large, his earnest manner stood him in hand, showing him to be a man of business, with little time to waste.

But much broken parley, and eccentric sweeps of the arms, and stern looks, and many reiterations of "General" persuaded the armed host that the mission must be a peaceful one, whereupon the stranger was motioned to step into the centre of the military battalion, which took up the line of march through sand and filth piles to the residence of the Lieutenant-General, who, for this time only in all his official career, was found ready to receive a visitor without several hours of ludicrous formalities.

The stranger from the yacht, taking off his hat and sweeping it towards the ground with mock-ceremony, stepped forward and said:

"Glad to see you. I don't parle Français, and you may not speak English, but I'm here on business. Got the tightest little boat afloat—nothing 'll beat her. Come down and look at her when you get a few minutes off from the cares of state. I'm a newspaper man looking after the American fleets. Am from New York; out for news; been cruising three weeks; just up from the south coast of Cuba; had a close touch by a Spanish gunboat west of Guantanamo. Heard anything of Cervera?"

The Lieutenant-General of Port Beauce, M. Henri Goncon, a swarthy Haitian, with all the ways and features of a negro, held out his hand, and said, in indifferent English:

"Glad to see you. Sorry your country has war. There's no news here. Don't know anything about Spanish Admiral. Who you? Where going?"

"I'm Mr. Peters—Maximilian G. Peters," said the new-comer. "I'm the war-correspondent of the New York *Enterprise*—understand?—a newspaper. I'm out of coal, for one thing. Want to get the *Portulaca*—that's the name of my boat out there—coaled up. Spot cash. May have to go to sea again inside of twelve hours. Want a good pilot, too. Pay him well. Got one in town?"

The difficulty of coaling at Port Beauce may never have entered the mind of Mr. Peters; or this may have been an adroit way of getting into the good graces of the chief official of this Haitian town. At all events, while General Goncon looked at him with open-eyed astonishment, he thanked him for his good intentions, and told him that, with the exception of a little fruit, there was nothing to be had in that place, and that if he had enough coal to make the trip to Cape Haitien, he had better go on. Mr. Peters promptly gave orders for the loading of all the spare bananas, oranges, and pines in the place, thereby fairly convulsing local commercial conditions, and remarked that he would further like to see the General in private. He was invited into the palace, and offering his host a cigar, said:

"Now, then, I want to tell you frankly what has brought me in here in such a hurry. I wanted coal, to be sure, but intended to go to the other place for it, and then come back here and make this my headquarters. I've got some important news, and I want it cabled right away. It must go on the wires at once, for you know there's likely to be delay all along the lines. Everything is clear here, isn't it? No censorship?"

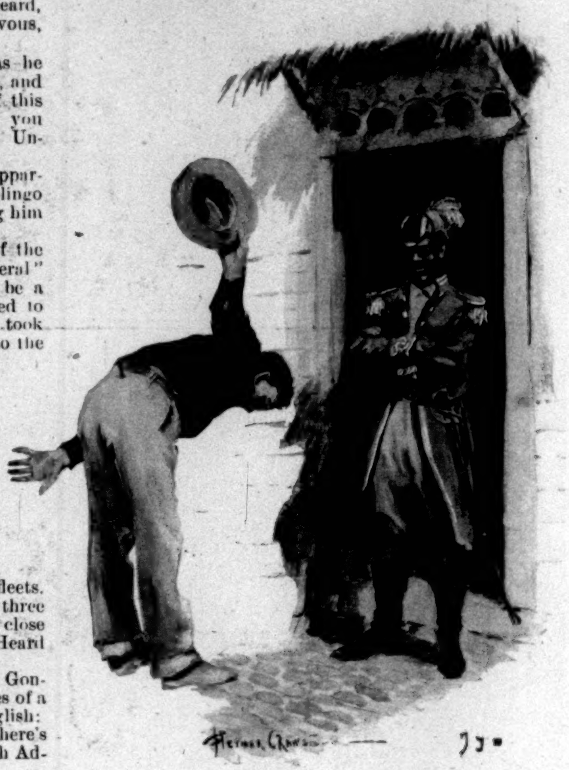
"No; but there's no telling. Wires are not working to Cuba. The operator been sending all the news on his own account. Guess it pretty good, too, from what he tells me."

"Yes, a fine mess he's been making of it, according to what I hear from New York," said Mr. Peters. "Why, he's nearly frightened the life out of the people of the United States with his wild yarns about the imaginary battles with Cervera's fleet and the supposed doing up of our war-ships! You'd better have something done with that fellow, if you have any power to discipline him."

The correspondent and General Goncon walked to the cable office, and the message to the *Enterprise* was filed. On the way back, Mr. Peters, taking the official arm in a familiar way, remarked:

"See here; I'm going to make free on short acquaintance, and give you a bit of advice. I know you will take it in the same spirit that prompts it. You're going to be overrun with newspaper despatch-boats; they're all making this way. You can't accommodate them here. They've got on to this being the best place to send their reports from, and they're heading for Port Beauce like a string of engines racing to a fire on a third alarm. We all expect Cervera 'll come up and wipe the water with Sampson—or try to, which will be just as good, in a news way; for it will give the crowd something big to write about, and that's what we are here for. I passed three press-boats yesterday, all headed this way, and I'll bet that before midnight every last one of them will be showing lights off the mole. They won't dare to come in to-night; they haven't good pilots; none of them can come up to the *Portulaca*, pilots or no pilots.

"When these press-boats do come in, they're going to make trouble for you; not intentionally, of course, but there are some of those fellows who have not got the best judgment. They may mean well, but somehow they're forever making trouble in their wild scramble after news. And you must know that there is a certain type of newspaper just now that gets any kind of news in any kind of way—violates confidences, they say, respects no personal obligation, and calls it all enterprise. They've got a name for this sort of newspaper over in the States, but you wouldn't understand the nice irony of the term were I to tell it to you. Not that I have any feeling against these young fellows; not that; many of them are my friends; but they've been misled to believe in this rampant sensationalism, which should never find a place in newspaper work, especially war-correspondence. The *Enterprise* is not conducted that way.



"I'M MR. PETERS—MAXIMILIAN G. PETERS."

"These boys who are coming down upon you would probably just as soon indulge in a few reckless expressions in their news reports—that might bring your government into disrepute—as tell the plain truth of the condition of things; not intentionally, of course. Then where would you be? Where would your job be? You don't want to lose that, I know. You hold your position by favor of the President of Haiti, don't you? You're liable to stay here a good many years—perhaps as long as you live—aren't you, if matters go right and there are no reflections cast upon the government? Now good words do butter parsnips, no matter what the proverb. Wouldn't you rather have good, carefully prepared, unbiassed press reports go out than others which might place the Haitian government in a false light, and thus jeopardize your own position?"

The dusky Lieutenant-General was thoroughly alarmed. This was a new thing to him. He began to imagine dire possibilities. He had seen only profits for the town in the coming of these ships, with perhaps a few paltry perquisites for himself. Now he read his doom in what was certain to follow. But how could he prevent it? Did not Mr. Peters think he had overdrawn the picture, and could not the other newspaper men be trusted to do the right thing?

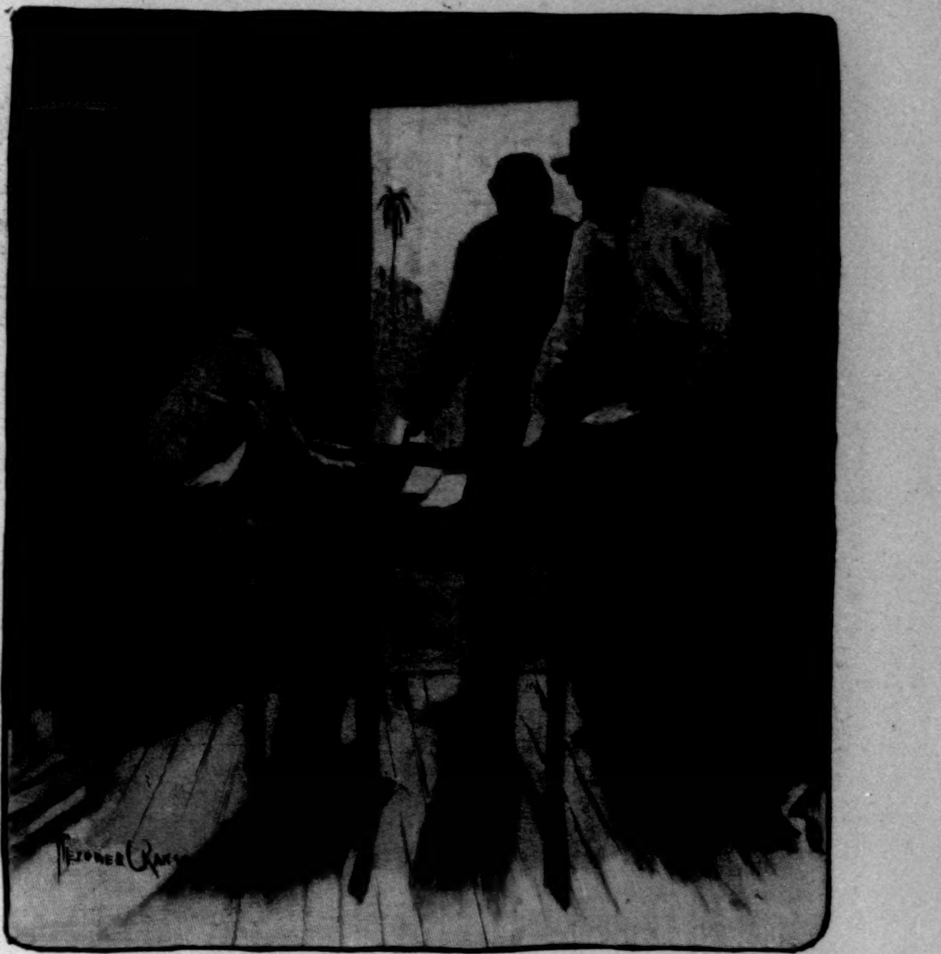
By no means. Mr. Peters disliked saying it, but under the existing high pressure of war conditions news of some sort had to be secured at any cost. But Haiti should not be drawn into any imbroglio with the United States through the possible recklessness of expression of reporters. The situation was critical—to General Goncon, at all events. It was his duty to be very firm.

"My God! What shall I do?" pleaded the General.

"Appoint a censor. Curb these aspiring, unreliable gentlemen of the American press. Protect yourself and shield your country."

"But there is no one here to appoint. What am I to do? Do you think they'll be in to-morrow? I haven't troops enough to prevent their landing."

"For Heaven's sake, old man, don't talk of meeting them with troops! Worse and worse. But I can fix you.



"THE NEW-COMERS WERE APPALLED TO FIND A CENSOR."

It comes to me—I'll lend you a man. Got just the fellow—my assistant. Brainiest man I ever knew. Censor! Well! He's a born censor. Wouldn't let me cable congratulations to my mother-in-law even if she was going to leave my home for good; afraid there'd be something in it that might give aid and comfort to the enemy. I'll send him ashore to you in the morning. Been wanting to place him where he could show what was in him. His name is Marcius Terwilliger Buckmaster. Just call him Buck; that's all that's necessary. Censor! It's an inspiration."

It was agreed that the censor should be sworn in at daybreak, for emergencies, General Goncon assuming authority, and Mr. Buckmaster—now Monsieur Buck—becoming, to all intents and purposes, a regular Haitian official. The President was to be consulted later on for his approval of the selection. The times were full of danger; there must be no delay.

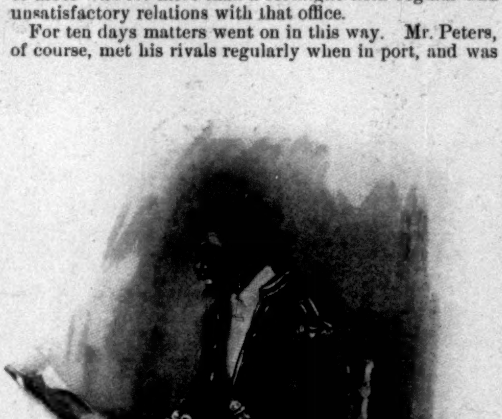
M. Buck was installed near the cable office, to the astonishment of the cable-operator. The censor was given a deserted "shack," on the front of which a sign was raised announcing that the press censor of Haiti might be found within, and was accessible at all hours for the transaction of business—"Please file messages here and avoid delays." The cable-operator was ordered to respect M. Buck's authority, and thus the new régime was ushered in.

That day the censor's office was a busy and turbulent place. Three press despatch-boats came into Port Beauce with important news reports. The new correspondents were brimful of cheerful confidence of having their despatches transmitted without hinderance; each was certain of so squaring things with the operator as to insure a "beat." Their arrival had not been prearranged. Hard fate had brought them in together. It had also thrown them into the hands of Peters & Co. In their budgets there was much that bore upon the supposed movements of the Spanish fleet. Some of it was sensational. The new-comers were appalled to find a censor, and one apparently very busy. He had before him a copy of Mr. Peters's despatch of the day previous, which he was carving into strips of colorless news. He was cool to the verge of liquid-air frigidity. No amount of cajolery could move him to even an approach to familiarity. One after another these restive correspondents walked from the censor's office, angry, gloomy, and reflective. What had they come against? Why had this censorship been inaugurated? And was it possible that a Haitian could not be approached? For that occasion, at all events, even suggestive hints of possible personal advantages to an upright censor had no effect. Not one of the new-comers knew M. Buck, for one thing; it is doubtful if he would have been recognized by his own family, could they have dropped in upon him during his busy hours. He had given his face a new aspect by removing his beard, had bought a large sombrero, that gave a dark perspective to his countenance, and was attired in the cheap garb of the common colored people.

Censor Buck was polite, gracious, but very, very firm. The messages were either too long or poorly written—almost undecipherable, he insisted. As he was sworn to treat all with rigor, he must do so without haste. What did a few hours' delay mean, anyway? He must take care of his country's interests. The censor's office was not to be hurried into mistakes. In vain they pleaded for expedition. Then it became a game as to who could win M. Buck over to pass his despatch first—a practice reputed to have been in vogue with undetermined results during the stay of the boys in Key West.

While any irregular methods may not be conceded as among the possible equipment of a war-correspondent, the revenues of the Port Beauce censor's office, which of course was entirely without fees, were said to have been so large during its temporary existence that the Haitian government would not have found it necessary to make any appropriation for its maintenance, even had it been suggested. The censor is said to have intimated since that, had it been the disposition of the bureau to divert the fund that accumulated from this source, the cable tolls of the *Enterprise* might have been largely minimized through the generous and voluntary contributions of those who for more than a fortnight held regular and unsatisfactory relations with that office.

For ten days matters went on in this way. Mr. Peters, of course, met his rivals regularly when in port, and was compelled to take his unwilling place in line with the same impartiality that was shown the others. Then he began sailing out, to return each night, news or no news. M. Buck blue-pencilled everything to the merest skeleton, inserted a few pleasant phrases on the Lieutenant-General and the government, and sent the despatches on. This done, it would have been easy to collect all the real news from the censored despatches to New York, Chicago, or San Francisco, roll it into one rousing message, deftly rewritten, and send this, uncensored, to the *Enterprise*. Whether or not this was done, the *Enterprise* beat all its rivals day after day; there was little news from Port Beauce save in that newspaper. Then Mr. Peters began receiving congratulatory messages from his home office, which was flattering and unusual.



"THE LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WAS IN A STATE OF BEWILDERMENT."

"You are beating all the others daily. Keep it up. They have to 'lift' from us twenty-four hours old. You're making a big hit. Amalgamated Press always 'delayed in transmission.'"

And again came this:

"A corker this morning. Not a stickful in others. Spare no expense. Suggest you intercept Cervera if you can. He might pick you up; if so, you'd have a chance to write up the fight from the Spanish side. Put Buck in charge if you should succeed in working it independently of the boat."

The home messages of the other correspondents soured into scorings for failures to get the news through. "If you're all under liquor on the *Spanker*," cabled one New York editor, "you'd better send in your resignations at once. Try Port Antonio; make explanation promptly." "It's about time you woke up there at Port Beauce," wired another; "not a word of news the past week. What are we paying you for? Jones sails for Key West to-morrow, and will relieve you at the earliest opportunity. Report home then."

Now the censor's troubles began; artifice and diplomacy were continually in demand. He had a bunch of indignant, impatient journalists to deal with almost daily. Mr. Peters was quietly enjoying the proceedings, and the "combination" continued its good service. Next, complaints were made to the Lieutenant-General, with strong threats of appeal to the President of Haiti, if not actual violence to the officials of Port Beauce, if the meddlesome, hindering, imperturbable censor was not removed or curbed in his unwarranted interferences.

The Lieutenant-General was in a state of bewilderment and cold perspiration uncommon in Haiti. He'd look into it. That night when Mr. Peters came in from sea, satisfied from what he had gleaned from a passing scout-ship that the Spanish fleet was at least "somewhere in the Caribbean," General Goncon took him aside and told him that "something must be done," and pretty quick, too. It was getting too hot for him.

Mr. Peters was calm and resourceful; his face was unchanged; it all seemed so trifling to him. And yet with himself he had felt that the crash must come.

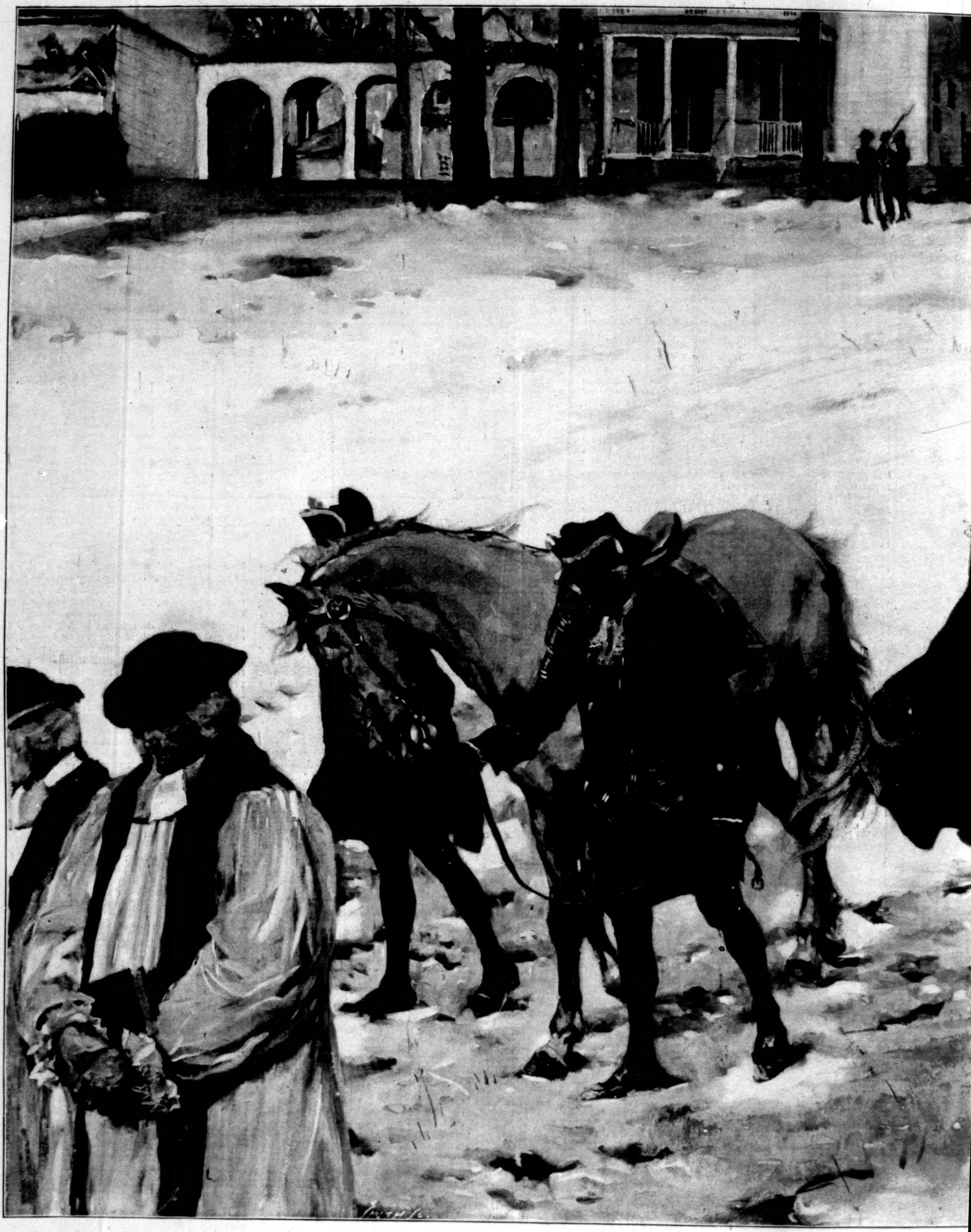
"My dear General," he said, "you are in greater danger than you realize; this is mere child's play to the real thing. I mean to say that Port Beauce, and the island incidentally, are in danger, and from an entirely different source from what you anticipate. Don't worry about this infernal censorship. Look the real trouble in the face. I heard to-day that the Flying Squadron has gone to Key West. Sampson's fleet is on its way back to that base. They will be amalgamated, and they may be back off Puerto Rico in ten days or less, or they may come up the south coast. In any event there are going to be active operations along the Cuban coast. Now there's lots of yellow fever over there. These correspondents are coming back—they've gone there now, on a flying trip. They'll be here soon, one after another, bringing yellow fever with them. Are you going to let them come into this port? Don't do it; keep them out. Quarantine them—that's it, quarantine them hard. Make them send their despatches in by your private boat. Don't let their steamers come past your headlands. If you do you will rue the day and fill your land with a plague. For Heaven's sake, don't let any one land from those ships!"

"But nobody here knows how to quarantine. My man couldn't do it; he wouldn't know measles," said Goncon, despairingly.

"If you will permit me to offer a suggestion," said Mr. Peters, with an air of disinterested generosity that always characterized him, "I will show you a way out of all this seeming trouble. It is easier than being censor—the merest playing. My man Buck can attend to it for you. The job won't burden him in the least; in fact, nothing would burden him when it comes to aiding you in the little affairs of government of this paradise. He has studied medicine, I think; at least he ought to have done so; and he probably knows all about yellow fever. We'll make him assistant to your quarantine officer, and give him all the work to do, and the other fellow can draw all the perquisites and honors—should there be any. Call Buck Dr. Marcius; swear him in as assistant quarantine commissioner; put up a big quarantine sign and make a splurge about it, and the thing is done. Then you keep your man out in the offing with a small boat, to board all comers and refuse them entrance on account of yellow fever. Of course it don't count, you know, as far as the *Portulaca* is concerned; she can come and go as she pleases. Make those yellow journ—I mean yellow-fever—press-boats deliver up all their despatches, fumigated, and then tell them to go away on their business again. Oh, bother about their getting supplies here! They'll have to look out for that end of the game, and go to Port Haitien or some place in Cuba or Jamaica. We'll get their cable business, and that's something to the credit of your place, so far as revenue is concerned."

General Goncon, who was credited with being very generous in some directions, would have bestowed any favor upon his American friend, under the circumstances, and he looked upon his mere acquiescence to the proposed plan as a very cheap way out of the dilemma. It was agreed to, and Dr. Marcius, alias M. Buck, cable censor, acquired a new dignity at once. He was given unlimited power as far as press-boats were concerned, and was authorized to see that the health regulations of Port Beauce were promptly and rigidly enforced. Quarantine at any other port on earth was child's-play compared with that of Port Beauce from that moment. Maritime intercourse with the world was at once cut off. Then the every-day affairs of the place took on their old conditions. M. Buck's censoring continued, and the *Enterprise* led its contemporaries as before.

But there was trouble brewing in another quarter. The President of Haiti had been in receipt of a budget of war news, made up of skimmings from intercepted press and personal messages passing over the wires, which the Port Beauce operator had sent to him as a special favor. This news had suddenly ceased when Buck took hold of affairs, and the President was mad about it. He sent word, finally, to General Goncon that unless the service was re-



Drawn by A. I. Keller

THE FUNERAL OF G

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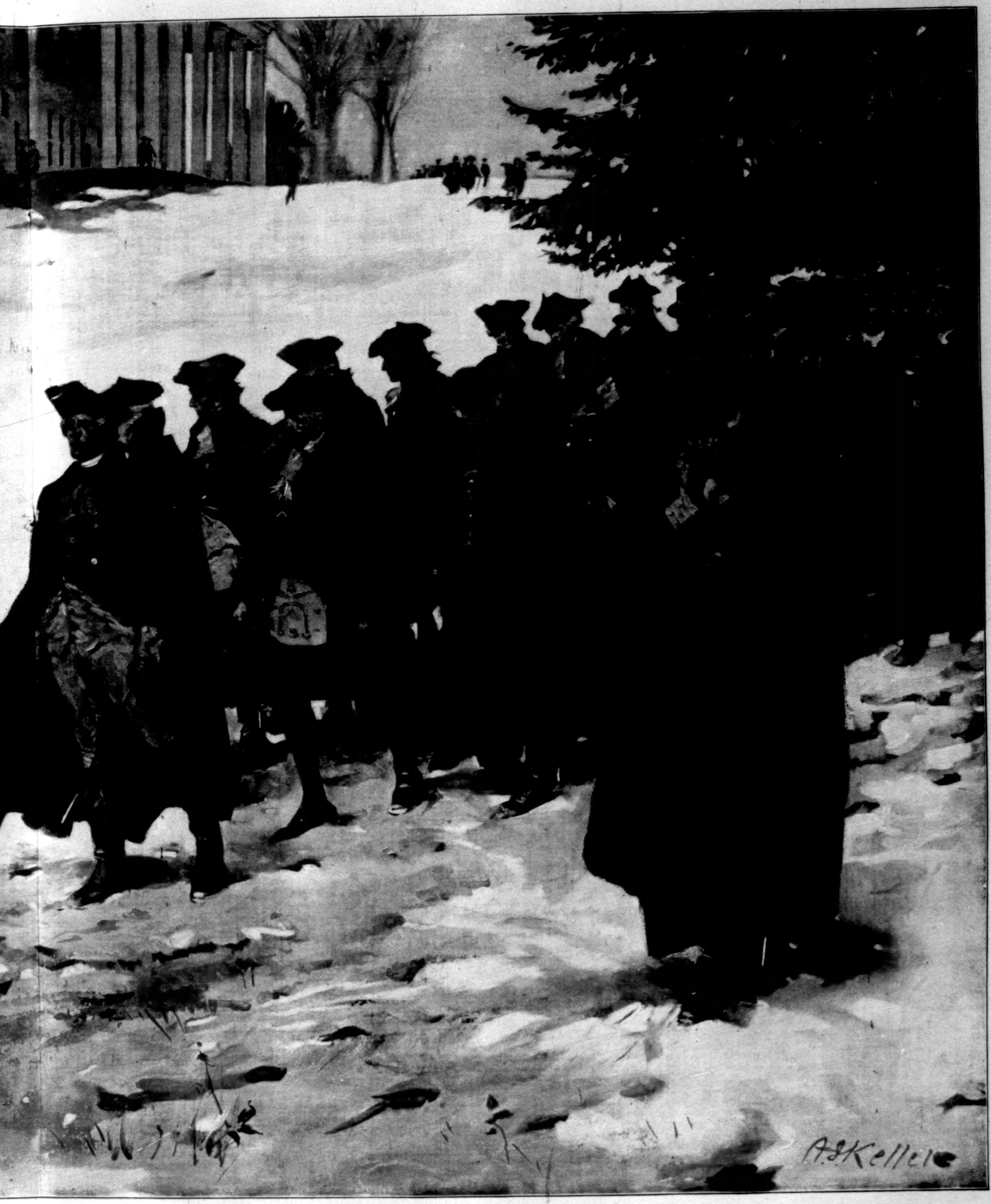

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GEORGE WASHINGTON

EMBER 18, 1799

sumed there would be a new Lieutenant-General at Port Beauce before the end of the week.

Again was Mr. Peters appealed to. "That's easy, easier, easiest," said the obliging correspondent. "I'll fix the old crank all right. We'll send him the news, and he can do what he pleases with it—give it to the Associated Press, if he wishes, just as he has been doing all along, or throw it into his waste-basket. I'm up to his games. You order the stuff filed, and I'll have the censor prepare it for the old gent. He'll get war news that will take all the kinks out of his hair."

After this the President got his daily advices, but M. Buck had been instructed to take good care that none of it was within two to three days of current events. "He'll never know the difference," was Mr. Peters's philosophical observation to the censor, "at least until it is too late for him to remedy it, as far as we are concerned. After that he can do what he pleases with old Goncon."

It was for some time a mystery how it came about that the news from Port au Prince covering this period was invariably a couple of days behind that already published in the *Enterprise*, and exactly similar in detail.

Meanwhile Mr. Peters was winning more laurels at the home office; General Goncon's peace of mind had apparently returned; the censor was very, very busy; the quarantine office was engaged in a brisk correspondence with a set of frantic newspaper men, who were unable to convince the Port Beauce authorities by plain undiplomatic use of forcible English that they were as free from the contagion of yellow fever as they would have been had they never sailed south of Cape Hatteras. Mr. Peters's yacht was quietly lying in the harbor, under pretext that her boilers were out of order, and his special cables were being forwarded with regularity whenever his rivals brought in and delivered to the quarantine boat news which their alertness had secured. The men from the *Enterprise* now had everything in excellent working order.

The public tension at the North was increasing. The *Oregon* was sailing into the dark somewhere away off to the southward, to join the American fleet. Sampson had bombarded San Juan, and gone back to Key West; Cervera might have sailed for the Barbadoes, or he might at any moment go through the Mona Passage to Puerto Rico; or he might dash to Havana, and thus shift the scene of journalistic operations.

One glittering morning in middle May the President of Haiti received a communication from the American minister at Port au Prince, asking by what authority it was assumed to censor American press despatches, and what were the reasons for discriminating against newspaper despatch-boats at the Port Beauce quarantine, where, it was known, one such boat had the unusual privilege of coming and going at pleasure, a clear case of unwarranted favoritism.

This time General Goncon's official head received a whirl that almost twisted it off its official body. He went at once to his disinterested, obliging, and helpful friend for advice. He needed a comforting word and a helping hand more than ever before. International complexity had intensified his predicament.

Mr. Peters himself was in no easy frame of mind, to tell the truth, but no outward manifestation of anxiety was apparent. This was not on account of any solicitude for his disingenuous friend. That was the least of his troubles.

"I'll fix this thing for you, my boy," said Peters, with a grim smile that showed his wits were working fast and hard. "I'm writing to the President myself to-day, on another subject, and I wouldn't mind saying a few words for you about this matter. Don't answer his letter until after he replies to what I have to say. Then you will probably find the whole aspect of affairs changed. You deserve support. Of course the President is naturally a little out of sorts about his news despatches—they've been held over the past two days, owing to a rush of business in the censor and quarantine departments of your local government; but it's easily remedied. We'll give him a double dose to-night. Really, though, you ought to have made some sort of a report on quarantine affairs before this. But it will all come out right, and the United States government must be satisfied with the explanation when it is made.

"By-the-way," added Mr. Peters, with a yawn and an air of guileless simplicity, "I'm compelled to run over to the neighborhood of Santiago and Cienfuegos this afternoon, and expect to be away some days. I may go to Port au Prince. If so, I'll step in and see the President himself about your case, and give you a good send-off. Sorry the censor's office and the quarantine must suspend while I'm away, but the truth is I can't get along without Buck on this trip. He's got to look out for our proposed cable service over on the south shore. There's going to be lots of fun there before the war is over. If I have to keep Buck, I'll try and send you a man just as good as him. You must have some one here with backbone enough to keep those correspondents and the yellow fever out. I'll write the President just as soon as I go aboard the *Portulaca*, and you may forward the letter for me. Come aboard in an hour. I'll pick up Buck on my way to the landing. So long."

At three o'clock the *Portulaca* was champing at her cable, like a restless steed at a tether. All was activity aboard. General Goncon came out looking serious and depressed. The good-fellowship of the yacht's captain and the cheer of the rich, cozy cabin, however, warmed his heart very soon, and a half-hour later, as the anchor was catted, and the motion of freedom came to the trim craft, the Lieutenant-General affectionately embraced Mr. Peters, wrung Buck's hand, and dropped precipitately into his boat alongside.

A long blast from the *Portulaca's* whistle, the dipping of the flag, as the screw turned, a mutual doffing of hats as the press-boat glided along the mole towards the offing, a waving of handkerchiefs as the ship and shore flew apart, and then Mr. Peters, taking Mr. Marcius Terwilliger Buckmaster's arm, as a serene air of exultation slipped across his now settled, handsome features, turned towards the companionway, saying:

"Messrs. Censor and Quarantine Commissioners that were, you've lost your jobs. Strange that when a man gets a good position—especially a government sinecure—he can't conduct himself in a manner to retain the public confidence. Come below, gentlemen; we'll talk the matter over, and at the same time see if the French-negro Lieutenant-General of that municipal refuse-heap ashore yonder left us anything with which to wish him good luck and a way out of his predicament into which your disreputable official conduct has thrown him. The President of this six-by-eight republic will probably have him shot or give him a nice long term, or my name's not Peters. To Port Antonio, Captain Perry" (to the sailing-master), "and don't push her too hard."

The letter that General Goncon of Port Beauce bore ashore for the President was an interesting one. Among other things, had General Goncon read it, he might have found the following choice paragraphs:

"On Board the 'Portulaca,'
Port Beauce Harbor.

". . . . I've been helping General Goncon run things in this sweet Haitian town the past few weeks, and I think we've made a pretty good job of it. I hear that you're kicking to Goncon about the censorship and the very efficient quarantine regulations we have enforced. You know 'everything goes' in war-times, and I've tried to help them on here. . . . When I came and found a good uncensored wire for cabling my news to the New York *Enterprise*, I determined to make the most of it, and there can be no question about my having got on. Old man Goncon fell into the game as easily as a mouse into a baited trap; but don't blame him, for he's got nothing out of it, to speak of, but cuffs and worriment. Nobody knows the troubles he's had—nobody 'cepting him; he thought it was all for the public good. Well, it was, with the 'public' strictly limited to 'yours truly' and his newspaper. . . . Never mind how the thing was worked; it's all over, and I'm bound for fallower fields. We managed the yellow fever part of it all right; kept it out, and likewise kept the other correspondents out of their estate. . . . A word of advice about those newspaper men who make Port Beauce their headquarters; you don't know what a desperate set they are, once they are aroused. If you ever come across any of those who were barred out by our censor during my present stay in your archaic town, you'll get some pretty ragged opinions, not altogether complimentary, about yourself and Goncon, as well as a choice assortment of information as to my general worthlessness. I have withdrawn the censor and the assistant quarantine commissioner, and the port is again wide open. Just one more word of advice. Should any of the other press-boats come in here after my departure—and they are certain to do so—it will be advisable for you to send old man Goncon about six regiments of fresh soldiers, for his own good, to say nothing about the protection of public property. He'll need them. I would also suggest that you send him a magazine-gun or two, as well, for his personal use. The boys are determined upon having a jolly warm personal interview with him. . . . I trust you have enjoyed the war news my censor has been sending you. We don't have a President for a customer every day.

Appreciatingly,
Maximilian G. Peters,
War Correspondent."

MR. DOOLEY*

XII.—ON THE GRATITUDE OF THE PUBLIC

"THIS man Dewey—" began Mr. Dooley.

"I thought he was ye'er cousin George," Mr. Hennessy interrupted.

"I thought he was," said Mr. Dooley; "but on lookin' closer at his features, an' r-readin' what th' pa-apers says about him, I am convinced that I was wrong. Oh, he may be a sicond cousin iv me Aunt Judy. I'll not say he ain't. There was a poor lot, all iv thim. But I have no close rilitives in this counthry. 'Tis a way I have iv savin' a little money. I'm like th' good an' gr-rateful American people. Th' further ye stay away fr'm thim th' more they like ye. Sicond-cousin-iv-me-Aunt-Judy-George made a mistake comin' home, or, if he did come home, he ought 've invistigated his welcome an' see that it wasn't mined. A man cud stand up all day an' lave Packy Mountjoy whale away at him, but th' affection iv th' American people is always aimed thrue an' is invaryably fatal.

"Th' la-ad Dougherty was in to-day, an' he exprissed th' feelin's iv this grateful raypublic. He says, says he: 'This fellow Dewey ain't what I thought he was,' he says. 'I thought he was a good, broad, lib'ral man, an' it turns out he's a cheap skate,' he says. 'We made too much fuss over him,' he says. 'To think,' he says, 'iv him takin' th' house we give him an' tur-rnin' it over to his wife,' he says. ''Tis scand'lous,' he says. 'How much did ye con-thribute?' says I. 'I didn't give annything,' he says. 'Th' collector didn't come around, an' I'm glad now I hung on to me coin,' he says. 'Well,' says I, 'I apprechate ye'er feelin's,' I says. 'Ye agree with th' other subscribers,' I says. 'But I've med up me mind not to lave annywan talk to me about Dewey,' I says, 'unless,' I says, 'he subscribed th' maximum amount iv th' subscription,' I says, 'thirty-eight cints,' I says. 'So I'll thank ye to tiptoe out,' I says, 'befure I give ye a correct imitation iv Dewey an' Mountjoy at th' battle iv Manila,' I says. An' he wint away.

"Th' throuble with Dewey is he was so long away he lost his undherstanding iv th' thrue feelin' iv th' American people. George r-read th' newspapers, an' he says to himself: 'Be hivins! they think well iv what I done! I guess I'll put a shirt in me thrunk an' go home, f'r to see 'tis hot out here, an' ivrybody 'll be glad f'r to see me,' he says. An' he come along, an' New York was r-ready f'r him. Th' business in neck-ties had been poor that summer, an' they was necessity f'r pullin' it together; an' they give George a welcome an' invited his admirers fr'm th' counthry to come in an' buy something f'r th' little wans at home. An' he r-rode up Fifth Avenue between smilin' rows iv hotels an' drug-stores an' tin-dollar boxes an' fifty-cint seats, an' he says to himsilf, 'Holy smoke! if Aguinaldo cud on'y see me now!' An' he was proud an' happy, an' he says, 'Raypublics ar-re not always ungrateful.' An' they ain't. On'y, whin they give ye much gratichood ye want to freeze some iv it, or it won't keep.

"'Tis unsafe f'r anny man alive to receive th' kind wurruds that ought to be said on'y iv th' dead. As long as George was a lithograph iv himsilf in a saloon window he was all r-right. Whin people saw he cud set in a City Hall hack without flowers growin' in it, an' they cud look at him without smoked glasses, they begin to weaken in their devotion. 'Twud 've been th' same, almost, if he'd married a Presbyteeryan an' hadn't deeded his house to his wife. 'Dewey don't look much like a hero,' says wan man. 'I shud say not,' says another. 'He looks like annybody else.' 'He ain't a hero,' says another. 'Why, annybody cud 've done what he did! I got an eight-year-old boy, an' if he cuddent take a baseball club an' go in an' bate that Spanish fleet into junk in twinty minyits I'd call him Alger an' thrade him off f'r a bicycle,' he says. 'I guess that's r-right. They say he was a purty tough man befure be left Wash'n'ton.' 'Sure he was. Why, so-an'-so an so-an'-so!' 'Ye don't tell me!' 'Is there annything in that story about his beatin' his poor ol' aunt an' her iliven childher out iv four dollars?' 'I guess that's straight. Ye can tell be th' looks iv him he's a mean man. I niver see a man with squintin' eyes an' white hair that wuddent rob a church!' 'He's a cow'rd too. Why, he r-run away at th' battle iv Manila! Iverybody knows it. I r-read what Joe What's-his-name wrote—th' br-rave corryspondint. He says this feller was sick at his stummick an' retired befure th' Spanish fire. Why, what 'd he have to fight but a lot iv ol' row-boats? A good swimmer with sharp teeth cud 've bit his way through th' whole Spanish fleet. An' he r-run away. I tell ye it makes me tired to think iv th' way we abused th' Spanyards not long ago. Why, say, they done a lot betther thin this fellow Dewey, with his forty or fifty men-iv-war an' this gran' nation, miles away, standin' shoulder to shoulder at his back! They niver tur-rned over their property to their wives.' 'Yes,' says wan man, 'Dewey was a cow'rd. Let's go an' stone his house.' 'No,' says th' crowd, 'he might come out. Let's go down to th' v'riety show an' hiss his pitcher in th' kinetoscope.' Well!"

"Well, what?" demanded Mr. Hennessy.

"Well," Mr. Dooley continued, "I was on'y goin' to say, Hinnissy, that in spite iv me hathred iv George as a man—a married man—an' me con-timpt f'r his qualities as a fighter, in spite iv th' chickens he has stole an' th' notes he has forged an' the homes he has rooned, if he was to come r-runnin' up Archey Road, as he might, pursooed by ladies an' gintlemen, an' th' palajeem iv our liberties peltin' him with rotten eggs an' ol' cats, I'd open th' dure f'r him, an' whin he come in I'd put me fut behind it an' I'd say to th' grateful people: 'Felloe-citizens,' I'd say, 'lave us,' I'd say. 'They'se another hero down in Halsted Sthreet that's ben married. Go down an' shivaree him. An' you, me thrusted collagues iv th' press, disperse to ye'er homes,' I'd say. 'Th' key-holes is closed f'r th' night,' I'd say. An' thin I'd bolt th' dure an' I'd say, 'George, take off ye'er coat an' pull up to th' fire. Here's a noggin' iv whiskey near ye'er thumb an' a good seegar f'r ye to smoke. I'm no hero-worshipper. I'm too old. But I know a man whin I see wan, an' though we cuddent come out an' help ye whin th' subscription list wint wild, be sure we think as much iv ye as we did whin ye'er name was first mintioned be th' stanch an' faithful press. Set here, ol' la-ad, an' warrum ye'er toes by th' fire. Set here an' r-rest fr'm th' gratichood iv ye'er fellow-counthrymen, that, as Shakspere says, biteth like a asp an' stingeth like a adder. R-rest here as ye might r-rest at the hearth iv millyons iv people that cud give ye no house but their own!'"

"I dinnaw about that," said Mr. Hennessy. "I like Dewey, but I think he oughtn't to 've give away th' gift iv th' nation."

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "if 'twas a crime f'r an American citizen to have his property in his wife's name they'd be close quarthers in th' pinitinchry.'"

F. P. Dunne.

Broadway

STRAIGHT from the south and from the windy seas,
Where roofs and towers loom in a violet haze,
Where from some stately summit one may gaze
On white and graceful ships that rock at ease;

Where one may watch with keen, enchanted eyes
The sparkling waters of a circled bay,
And, far beyond, the ocean looming gray
Under the fire of lucent summer skies—

This avenue, this artery of a world,
This long and sinuous universal street,
Stretches like some potential arm to greet
Europe with banners radiant and unfurled.

An avenue of peace and noble strife,
Typic of wise ambition, brave intent,
Of all that makes our girdled continent
The home of freedom and alluring life.

I follow with the streams of human fire,
Of human hope, and patient human toil—
Black streams of men that push and crush and coil,
And feel the impulse of one strong desire;

Upward and onward, past imposing sites
Where commerce, throned and sceptred as a king,
Speaks to the earth, where labor learns to sing
A gracious song and loves its ancient rites;

Over gray stones where poverty and pride,
Where vice and virtue, wrong and justice, meet,
Where bitter is forever mixed with sweet,
Where friends and foes march always side by side;

Under the shadows of majestic fanes,
Under the flash of high cathedral spires,
Past neighborhoods that hint of secret mires
And lurking sorrows in avoided lanes:

Upward until I reach a noble park
Where the sweet breath of nature softly blows
Over a bank of flowers, and where green rows
Of rustling trees might tempt the meadow-lark.

George Edgar Montgomery.

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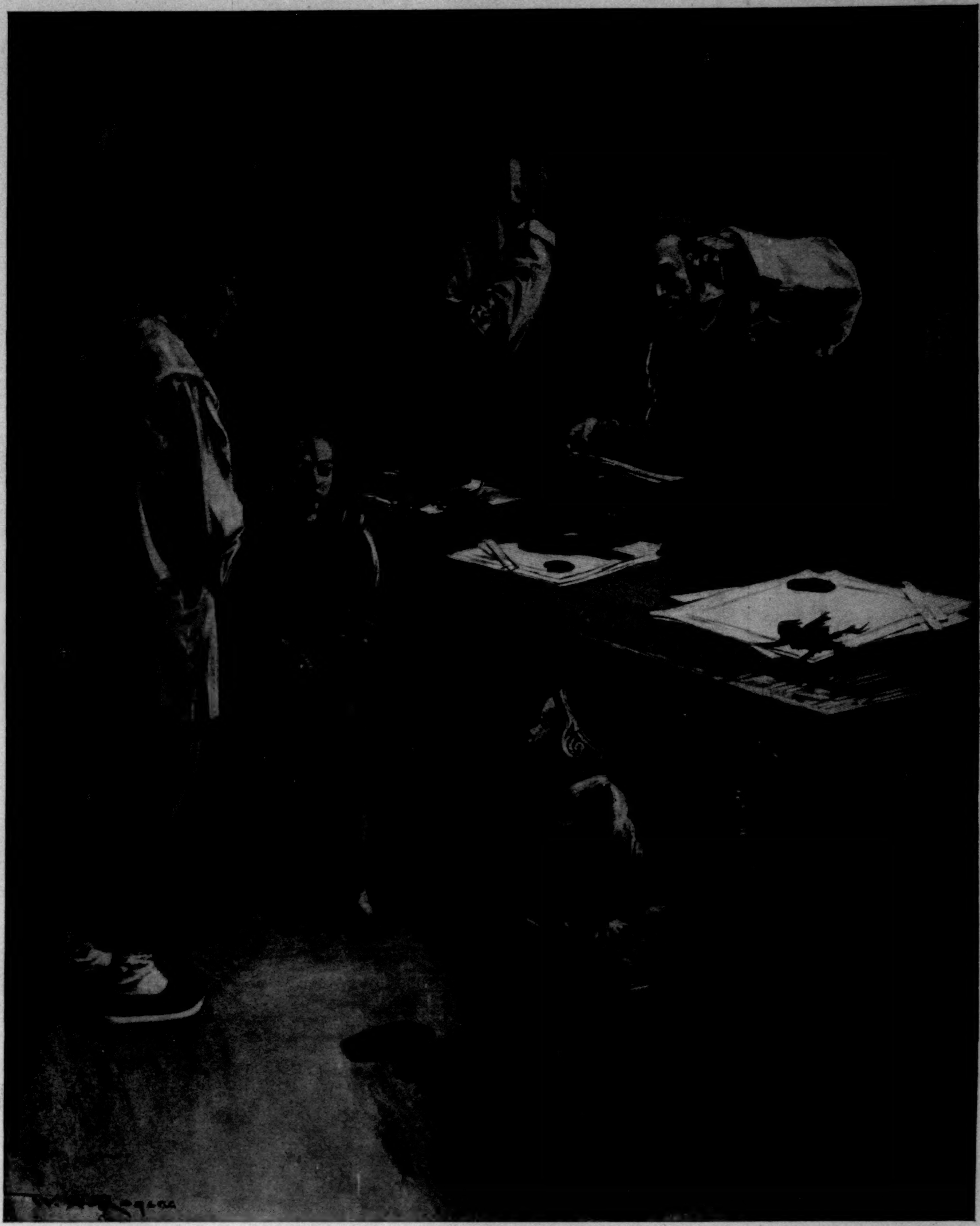


WEIGHING OUT MEDICINES IN A CHINESE DRUG-STORE, SAN FRANCISCO.

A Chinese Prescription

When I ventured into Chinatown in San Francisco it was with a good many false impressions, absorbed from stories either purposely or accidentally misleading.

The "art of putting things" has been considerably strained in describing Chinatown, in order to invest it with a lot of mystery. It is built on the side of a very steep hill, and this fact has been used as an excuse to describe mysterious descents of flight after flight of steps into labyrinths far underground. Generally speaking, from the lowest of these underground passages you can walk out into the street, if you take the right door. But while the surroundings of the Chinaman are simply commonplace, squalid, and dirty, his ways are sufficiently mysterious. When a little paper or sandalwood burnt before his door has failed to keep out sickness in the family, he goes to see his doctor and gets a prescription. One of these doctors, upon whom I called, issues a card printed in English, in which he solicits American patronage. He informs the public that the three thousand remedies he prescribes have been in constant use "for the last several thousand years." Without asking a single question of the patient, he can diagnose twenty-five forms of consumption, seventy-two of heart-disease, and almost as many of dyspepsia, and can "cure—not attempt to cure," them all. From a gunshot wound he can coax the most obstinate bullet without probe or pincers. I was anxious to see some of the three thousand remedies, and accompanied one of the doctor's Chinese patients to a near-by drug-store to see his prescription filled. Pretty much every evil the Chinaman suffers from is ascribed to some particular "devil," and doubtless when the clerk started to fill this prescription by laying out a dried horned toad as the first ingredient the intention was to introduce it into the patient's dyspeptic zone, and let the "devil" and the toad fight it out between them. Perhaps this only typifies the more modern practice of our own physicians—of setting one microbe to destroy another. The toad in this prescription was re-enforced by vegetable compounds in the shape of strips and disks of all sizes and colors, and the patient was instructed to carry it all home and boil it down in water to a semiliquid mass, and "take as ordered." If this did not cure him, of course he had the balance of the three thousand remedies to fall back on.

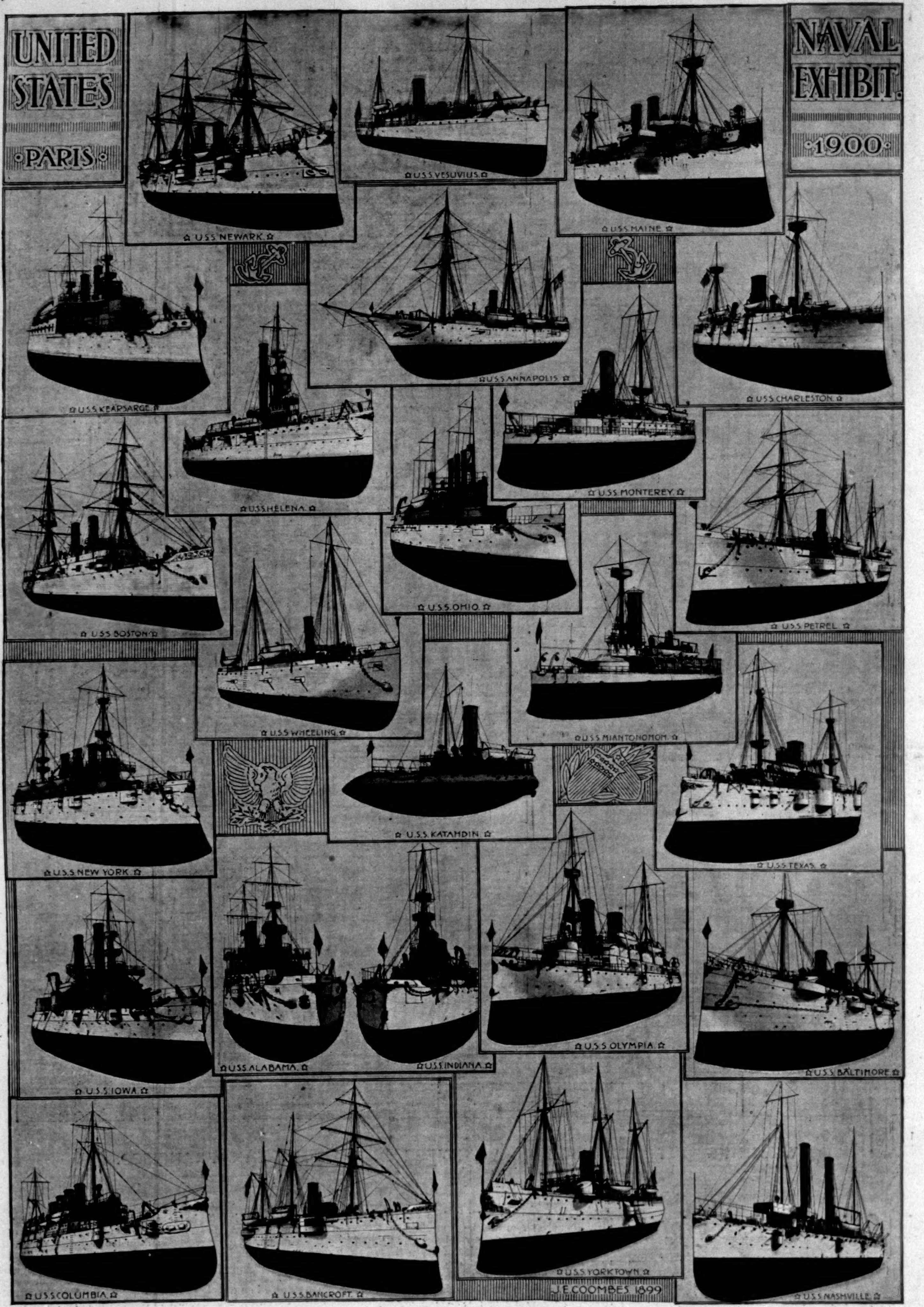
Two things we think essential to health the Chinaman seems to avoid—fresh air and sunlight. But he has great faith in a couple of lighted sandal-wood sticks stuck between the cobblestones in front of his door.

W. A. Rogers.

The Arch Perpetual

As well annul the thrilling words millions of men
have heard—
As well a faithful promise that the nation's heart
has stirred.
White symbol of Art's conquest, here is Sculpture's flag
unfurled,
And the message of this beauty has gone forth to all
the world!

Marrion Wilcox.


UNITED STATES ·PARIS·
NAVAL EXHIBIT ·1900·
U.S.S. NEWARK
U.S.S. VESUVIUS
U.S.S. MAINE
U.S.S. KEARSARGE
U.S.S. ANNAPOLIS
U.S.S. CHARLESTON
U.S.S. HELENA
U.S.S. MONTEREY
U.S.S. BOSTON
U.S.S. OHIO
U.S.S. PETREL
U.S.S. WHEELING
U.S.S. MIANTONOMOH
U.S.S. NEW YORK
U.S.S. KATAHDIN
U.S.S. TEXAS
U.S.S. IOWA
U.S.S. ALABAMA
U.S.S. INDIANA
U.S.S. OLYMPIA
U.S.S. BALTIMORE
U.S.S. COLUMBIA
U.S.S. BANCROFT
U.S.S. YORKTOWN
J. E. COOMBES 1899
U.S.S. NASHVILLE

OUR MINIATURE NAVY ON PARADE.

Model War-ships to be Exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

WHILE the United States navy has been growing more and more powerful, the miniature navy in the Construction Bureau of the Navy Department at Washington has kept pace with it. That is to say, as each ship was laid down a perfect model of it has been made, at a cost, in the case of the larger vessels, of five thousand dollars. These models are of great assistance in the work of the bureau, often obviating the necessity of a personal inspection of the ship to throw light on matters of construction. The models are exact reproductions of the vessels they represent, complete in every detail, and made of the same materials used in the war-ships themselves. They are built on a scale of one-quarter inch to one foot, or one-forty-eighth of the actual size. The models chosen for the Paris exhibit include the flower of every type of vessel represented in our navy, and show besides the gradual evolution of the "new navy," from the early composite gunboats of the *Annapolis* class, fitted out with full sailing rig, to the leviathan battle-ships, of which the *Illinois* and *Alabama* are perhaps the best exemplars. Among the models sent will be the ill-fated *Maine* and the *Ohio*, sister-ship of the new *Maine*.

v. P.

AMATEUR SPORT

TO the Staten Island Cricket and Baseball Club has come the unenviable distinction of being the first club in the United States (and indeed in the golfing world) to hold a competition for prizes on a Sunday. The excuse offered for the innovation was the large number of fixtures still remaining on the schedule and the lateness of the season. The captain of the Harbor Hill Club questioned the legality of the contest, and warned his men not to enter it, but the protest went unheeded.

There may be an honest difference of opinion as to the propriety of private play on Sunday afternoons, but this impudent defiance of the public sense of decency is a slap at the ethics that have always governed the sport of gentlemen. The club must repudiate at once the action of its Green Committee, or be prepared to accept the social stigma attaching to the Sunday handball-courts, baseball-diamonds, and bicycle-tracks.

This is a case, too, it seems to me, for the Executive Committee of the National Golf Association.

PRINCETON not only defeated Yale (11–10) at New Haven, November 25, in what was perhaps the most sensational game we have ever witnessed, but added thereby to the discomfiture of her vanquished rival by shattering two of Yale's cherished football traditions—to wit, (1) that Princeton cannot win at New Haven; (2) that no college team can beat Yale two consecutive years.

In the majority of college athletic traditions, however, lapses usually occur to disturb their integrity, and this one is no exception; for, in point of fact, this year was indeed the second time Princeton had beaten Yale on the latter's home grounds. It will not be untimely to add here that during twenty-three years of dual football games Yale has won ten and Princeton seven, while six have resulted in a tie.

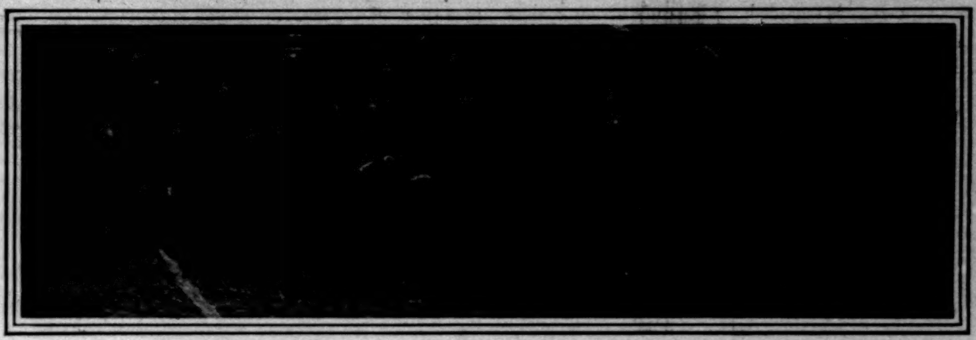
Yet another Yale tradition, springing from the ultimate successes of '96 after a season of indifferent play, and having to do with "history repeating itself," was forming this year—but that suffered impairment at its very incipiency, and will be heard of no more.

This has been a season of surprises and of games closely contested developing the unexpected, but none has furnished the spectacular features of the Yale Princeton meeting. Princeton's end runs, two exceptionally brilliant field-goals—one said to be a record for distance in match play—a blocked kick, and finally a score that would have been a tie had Yale converted her only touch-down into a goal—combined to make the struggle one of thrilling and sustained interest. And not the least striking feature of the match was the similar scoring of the teams, each making a touch-down and a field-goal.

Within fifteen minutes after play had begun the score stood 6–0 in Princeton's favor; five minutes later Yale had blocked a kick, though missing the goal, and the score still stood in Princeton's favor, 6–5. But five minutes before the first half closed Sharpe kicked a field-goal, and Yale led with the score 10–6. And there it hung, while the battle waged always in Yale's territory, until Poe made his unexpected and remarkable field-goal, just thirty seconds before call of time, and Princeton went off the field possessed of the victory she had clearly earned, but been within a hair's-breadth of losing.

THERE is no doubt victory went where it was thoroughly merited. From first to last Princeton completely outplayed Yale in the rushing game; and in kicking, honors were about evenly divided; for though McBride's punts with the wind show longer than Wheeler's on the plotted analysis, they were almost invariably kicked from Yale territory, so that McBride could and did lift the ball with all his power and skill. On the other hand, when Wheeler had the wind at his back, his kicking was as frequently from his opponent's territory, and his desire therefore to put the ball out of bounds as near as possible to Yale's goal, rather than to give it uttermost distance. Against the wind Wheeler actually kicked better than McBride; hence, Princeton cannot be said to suffer by comparison in this department.

Really no serious comparison can be made of the offence of the two teams. Princeton's was much the superior in conception and in execution, her end runs swinging out wide with compact and unfailing interference, being quite the best of any seen this year, not even excepting Harvard's in its most brilliant periods. In fact, Princeton realized to the full the able attack of which we had occasional glimpses during her somewhat erratic practice season, and in the attainment of such perfected play after the indifferent manner in which she had been performing only a week before Princeton, it must be acknowledged, provided all of us with genuine surprise. It rather suggests, as do other similar exhibitions this season, how little the showing of a team throughout its practice season may indicate the potential strength of an eleven at its final and great game.



REITER GOING AROUND YALE'S END.

Defensively, also, Princeton was considerably stronger than Yale, as was somewhat to be expected, but the tackling of the Princeton backs stood out with especial prominence as compared with the work of those behind the Yale line, McBride excepted.

YALE'S offence at its very best could never approach Princeton's; in fact, were it not for McBride, Yale's back field, so far as the rushing game is concerned, could not be considered in the same class with that of either Harvard or Princeton. It could not make any material impression at Cambridge, where its very strongest form was shown, and it made less at New Haven.

There is no doubt that Yale did not play so keen a game against Princeton as she had against Harvard. Not that it would have made any difference in the New Haven result, for there is no mistaking Princeton's superior strength, but it reveals, in my judgment, the true quality of the Yale team. Perhaps it was not to be expected that the Yale eleven could play another such game as it did at Cambridge. It sometimes happens that, with large stakes pending, an individual or collection of individuals will in one supreme effort really surpass themselves. Such a thing came to pass at Cambridge, where, with the crushing defeat of last year ringing in their ears, the Yale players completely outdid all previous efforts.

Against Princeton, the Yale team came back to its normal form, which this year has been distinctly below that of either Harvard or Princeton. Though it is not to be understood that there is great difference in strength among these three teams, because in truth there is not much to choose, however they might be paired for match play.

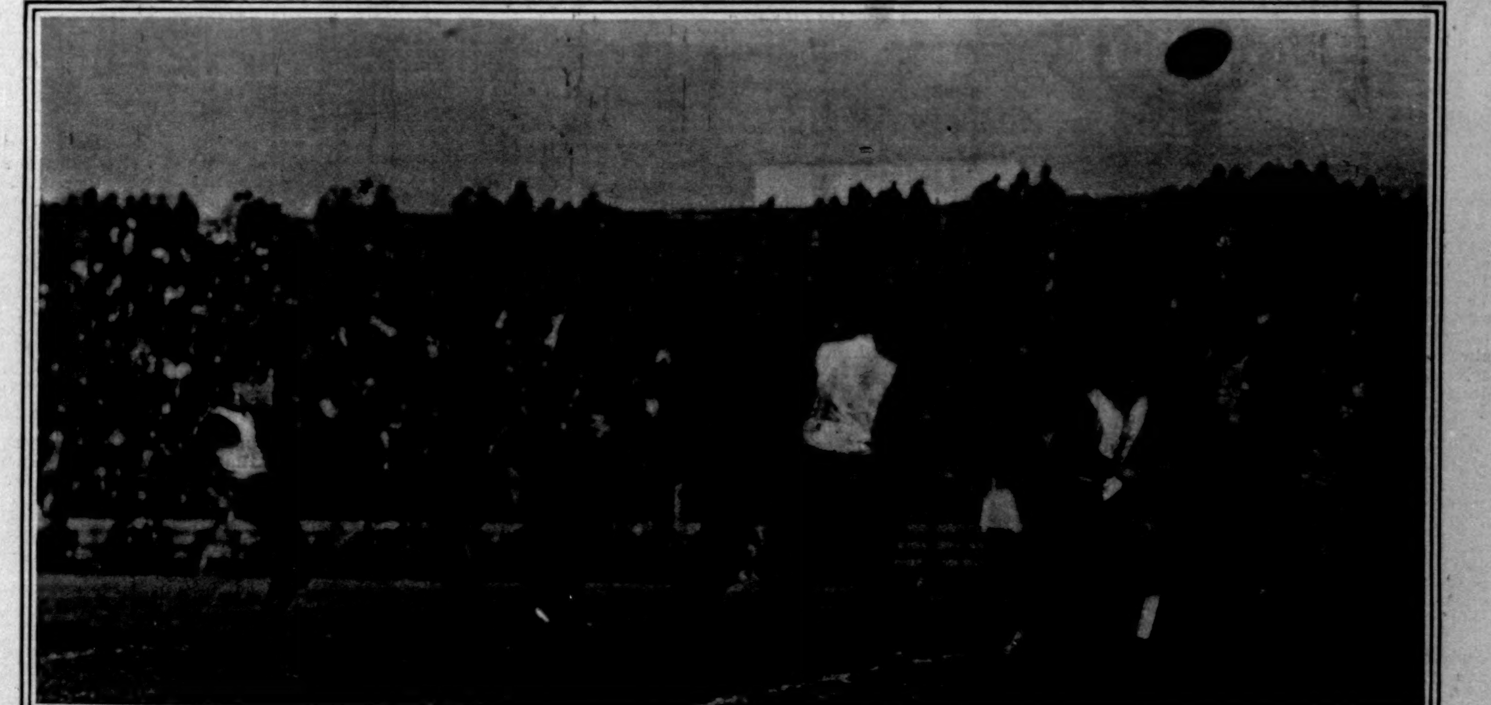
IN no particular did the normal form of Yale suffer by comparison with that shown the previous week so much as in the defensive work of the forwards. To begin with, the entire line seemed not to have the fire that set it moving like a flash, nor did the tackles smash the Princeton interference on end runs as they had done at Cambridge. Some explanation for this failure is found in the skill of Princeton's right tackle, Hillebrand, and some in the greater strength of the interference, but it still remains true that the Yale tackles did not show the game they had shown against Harvard. To a lesser extent this is true of the right guard, although the centre rusher appeared to maintain the high standard he set on his first public appearance in the position.

The ends were about as mediocre as they had been at Cambridge, Hubbell being quite the best, and, in fact, showing some good work for Yale '99, but which was very indifferent compared with the standard at Harvard and Princeton. With very few exceptions, Princeton boxed Yale's ends whenever a play was started in their direction, while, on the other hand, Yale never got an end play even moving. Such gains as Yale made in rushing were through the centre and occasionally through tackle, though her mass on that position was usually broken up, as it had been at Cambridge.

In fact, Yale's running game this year against Harvard and Princeton yielded no material gains. This is due partly to the unusual defensive strength of these her two great opponents, and partly to the fact that, other than McBride, Yale has no really strong ground-gainers among her backs. One or two of them have been credited with occasional brilliancy, and an equal number have shown fairly good consistent work, but none is in the class with Reiter, Sawin Kendal, or Ellis, and only such as these can gain against modern defence.

BUT the most important lesson of the two great games with which the season closed, as touching the back field, relates to kicking. Punting saved Yale from certain defeat at Cambridge, and inability to take successful advantage of two opportunities for making a goal from field cheated Harvard out of a victory which rightfully the team had earned. In other words, because there was no one man to successfully fill his part, the work of the team as a whole, in securing him that opportunity, went for naught.

Again at New Haven Yale's punting in the first half and the good luck of a strong favoring wind were of invaluable assistance in sparing the team another touchdown. While, on the other hand, Yale's failure to invariably punt on first or second down in the second half enabled Princeton to keep the ball in Yale's territory, and finally to get near enough for the field-goal which won the game. Princeton was not so much the stronger as to warrant the assertion that she would have won out some other way, if Yale's mistake had not given her this way, but, at all events, it is a fact that the Yale play which immediately preceded Princeton's possession of the ball was a failure to rush the ball, and its loss on a fumble by McBride. Had Yale kicked instead of trying to rush at that particular time, Princeton would have secured the ball somewhere in her own territory instead of on Yale's



SHARPE KICKING GOAL FROM 45-YARD LINE.

50-yard line, Poe would not have had the opportunity for field-goal, and Yale would have won a victory from a team really more powerful than her own—just as she had succeeded at Cambridge, by head-work and an opponent's inability to equal his best on an emergency, in making a drawn game with a potentially stronger team.

REITER was unquestionably the star performer of the day, his end runs being as fine as any bit of similar gaining this year—though to the splendid interference furnished by his confrères must be allotted a large measure of the praise for their success. He was also strong in backing up the line in its defence, and altogether played such a game as one, remembering his work of two years ago, would scarcely have expected.

Reiter's work rather eclipsed that of the other Princeton backs, but the rushing of McCord, Wheeler, Mattis, and McClave was of a higher grade than that shown by Sharpe, Keane, or Richards.

Poe, of course, is regarded the hero of the game since his goal brought Princeton victory, and certainly his coolness and judgment, in this particular play, added to the brilliancy of his work at end, entitle him to perhaps even all the praise of undergraduate enthusiasm. 'Twas not so much the mere feat of sending the ball between the goal-posts from the 35-yard line, as it was to have made the most of his chance at a time when it was needed.

Almost any man can do things when little or nothing hangs on the result; it's the man who accepts his chance and plays it unwaveringly to the limit who wins out.

Last year Poe's run with a fumbled ball gave Princeton the touch-down which defeated Yale, and now again this year the same Poe kicks the goal that gives Princeton her second consecutive triumph over Yale.

Among the other men whose work was particularly prominent were Hillebrand, Brown, Palmer, and McBride. In actual line-work there was not much to choose between Brown and Edwards, but the former was quite the superior in the open game; and, in fact, he and McBride and Hale were the Yale men especially active on the defensive. Princeton's physical condition seemed exceptionally poor—such, at least, the wholesale retirement of players indicated. Only three of the eleven that started, finished, and perhaps not one of the least agreeable surprises was the excellent showing made by the substitutes.

Yale's superb physical condition provided a striking contrast; had Princeton been as physically fit as Yale, the score must have been larger in her favor.

STORY of the game is soon told. Yale won the toss and Princeton kicked off against a strong wind. An exchange of punts followed by Sharpe's fumble gave Princeton the ball in the centre of field. Each side tried to rush, and lost the ball on downs; more rushing, an exchange of punts, and Princeton had the ball on Yale's 50-yard line. Princeton now began such an attack and with such progress as that one Harvard started at Cambridge, though Princeton's ended more successfully. McCord and Wheeler smashed into the line once, each for good gains, and then Reiter, behind beautiful interference, went around Yale's right end for a run that was only stopped by Hale's fine one-hand tackle on Yale's one yard-line.

Twice Yale withstood the onslaught of McCord and Reiter, but on the next and last try Reiter was carried over for the touch-down, and Wheeler kicked an easy goal.

An exchange of punts gave Yale the ball on Princeton's 10-yard line on the latter's fumble. But Yale could make no impression on the Princeton line and surrendered the ball on downs. More end running by Reiter, and Wheeler punted to his own 45 yard line, from which Yale could not gain by rushing. Punts and short rushing finally gave Princeton the ball on her own 10-yard line, where, failing to gain, Wheeler's kick was blocked by Brown, and McBride fell on the ball for a touch-down. After a sharp exchange of punts, Yale had the ball in the centre of the field, and by short rushes carried it to Princeton's 45-yard line, where Sharpe, at a slight angle, kicked a goal from field.

During the remainder of the half, Princeton kept rushing for repeated series of good gains, which Yale offset when on a brace the ball came to her by punting down wind.

In the early part of the second half, after Yale got the ball on Hillebrand's fumble, Sharpe tried for a field-goal from Princeton's 50-yard line against the wind and failed, but from that time the ball remained in Yale's territory. After Sharpe's failure there was a period of punting exchanges, and thereafter very little kicking, each seeking to hold possession of the ball, and losing it on downs rather than give it to the opponent by punting.

THIS, under the circumstances, was a policy of rather questionable wisdom for Yale, because she could make no headway against Princeton's defence, and was being continuously crowded down near her goal. The ball changed hands several times on fumbles, and Yale just managed to get it often enough to save being swept over her line. Curiously enough, Yale yielded the ball several times on downs so near her line that there was always the danger of a field-goal.

No doubt with Hutchinson, Princeton's only reported drop-goal kicker, retired, Yale felt safe and ignored the danger. Princeton was putting in substitutes every other play, and as Yale managed to keep Princeton outside her 25-yard line, it looked as though she might defend her goal during the very few remaining minutes, though every time she gave up the ball on downs instead of punting one wondered at the judgment.

At all events, it came to pass within a few minutes of time that, McBride having fumbled the ball on a play into the line, Princeton gained possession of it on Yale's 45-yard line. Princeton forthwith opened another desperate attack, which scattered Yale like chaff before the wind, and carried the ball to Yale's 25-yard line.

There was now less than a minute to play, when suddenly Poe dropped back. No one had ever heard of Poe as a goal-kicker, and so every one "in the know" looked for a fake kick and a run for touch-down. But the ball went back to Poe, who stood on the 35-yard line, and before the multitude could realize what had happened, he had kicked the goal and given Princeton victory within thirty seconds of the time limit.

Summary:

Princeton.	Positions.	Yale.
Palmer Roper	Left end	Hubbell
Pell	Left tackle	Francis
Mills Craig	Left guard	Brown
Booth Bannard	Centre	Hale
Edwards	Right guard	Olcott
Hillebrand Lloyd	Right tackle	Stillman
Poe	Right end	Snitjer Gould
Hutchinson Burke	Quarter-back	Fincke
McCord G. Lathrope	Left half-back	Sharpe
Reiter McClave	Right half-back	Keane Richards
Wheeler Mattis	Full-back	McBride

Score—Princeton, 11; Yale, 10. Touch-downs—Reiter, McBride. Blocked kick—Brown. Goal from touch-down—Wheeler. Goal from field—Sharpe, Poe. Referee—E. N. Wrightington, Harvard. Umpire—P. J. Dashiel, Johns Hopkins. Time-keeper—F. M. Wood, of Boston. Time of halves—Thirty-five minutes. Attendance, 18,000.

ANALYSIS of the play develops some interesting, not to say unexpected, facts. In the first half McBride, punting with the wind and from his own territory, kicked six times for a total of 360 yards, his kicks ranging from 40 to 80 yards, and averaging 60.

Wheeler, in the second half, with the wind—three times from his own and twice from Yale's territory—kicked five times for a total of 237 yards, his kicks ranging from 30 to 75 yards, and averaging 47.

Against the wind, McBride, in second half, punted four times for a total of 94 yards, his kicks ranging from 15 to 35 yards, with an average of 23.

Wheeler, against the wind, in the first half, punted seven times for a total of 206 yards; his kicks ranging from 20 to 35 yards, and averaging 29 yards.

Thus we see from study of the detailed play that Wheeler actually outkicked McBride against the wind, when distance alone was the end desired.

In rushing, Princeton gained in the first half a total of 144½ yards; Yale gained 28½ yards. In the second half Princeton carried the ball 65½ yards; Yale, 41 yards. Yale earned only two first downs by rushing in the first half, while Princeton earned nine.

In the entire game Princeton earned sixteen first downs to Yale's six. Princeton fumbled three and Yale five times, and the latter's errors were more costly—the last one giving Princeton the ball, and Poe the opportunity of kicking the field-goal which brought victory thirty seconds before the call of time.

PENNSYLVANIA worthily closed her football season on Thanksgiving day by a crushing defeat (29–0) of Cornell. It was the best game Pennsylvania has shown this season, and the only one, in fact, which the eleven had entered upon in good physical condition. For the first time in any of its more important contests of 1899, there was team-play throughout the game. To be sure, the manœuvres were few, but they were forceful and harmoniously executed, and swept across Cornell's territory with irresistible power. In truth, Cornell was so completely outclassed as to make the game all one-sided, and therefore not very interesting, except as a striking exhibition of continuously terrific line-bucking.

Pennsylvania relied entirely for her ground-gaining on variations of her guards-back formation, and aimed her attack almost invariably at the centre of Cornell's line, or at the tackles. Once or twice an end run was tried, but four out of every five plays were a crash into the centre or at the guards or the tackles.

The largest share of this heavy line-plunging fell upon McCracken, whose ability to repeat excelled any performance we have seen, but Hare was as usual a gainer, and on these two Pennsylvania chiefly relied for her advance. It was straight football all the time, with an occasional delayed pass, and once in a while a revolving play on tackle—Pennsylvania all the time stoutly supporting the runner. This was, in fact, the strongest feature of Pennsylvania's work, so many men getting into the play that the runner's course was marked by prostrate tacklers and interferers. The ball reached the runner somewhat tardily, but when he struck the line he was pushed and hauled along by the combined efforts of his eleven.

CORNELL could not get through to the runner before his support reached him, and once started, its momentum was too great for Cornell to check short of gains, that varied from three to twenty yards.

Pennsylvania did no kicking; twice, I think, Coombs punted, and once, without losing it, they carried the ball from their own 15-yard line to Cornell's 20-yard line.

Another exhibition of such tremendous and repeated line-smashing has not been given this season; nor has any team, unless it was the Indians against Columbia on the same day (Thanksgiving), rushed the ball for such uninterrupted periods of gaining. In fact, in none of the so-called "big games" which I remember has there been such ground-gaining, for never was there a contest between larger university teams more unevenly matched.

It was a wearing style of play, and required men of unusual strength, of which Pennsylvania appears to have a large supply. It would be a mistake, I should say, to rely on this style of game another season; it is not always a winner, and it leaves a team vulnerable in several directions. For instance, of the leading elevens, Pennsylvania is least developed in the kicking game and in interference. A strong defence and straight line-plunging just about constitute Pennsylvania's football education this season. A by no means sufficient equipment these days against teams of the first class.

NOR was the overwhelming of the Cornell team due to its weakness; on the contrary, Cornell had a very powerful line, especially strong on the defensive, and a good back field. It had been greatly overrated by those who accepted as criterion of its strength its exhibition against Columbia's crippled team; but it was, none the less, a strong eleven, quite up to the Cornell average in material, though somewhat lacking in endurance because of its long season. No year within my remembrance has so much as this one provided strong argument against preliminary practice. It is a notable fact that the teams which resorted to it have met severest reverses.

Pennsylvania reduced by half her usual period of preliminary work, but began two weeks earlier than Harvard, Yale, or Princeton, and undertook perhaps the most unwisely arranged schedule any team ever attempted. With green ends and tackles and an undeveloped back field, Brown, Lafayette, and the Indians were taken on successively, and the resulting hard games first crippled, through the bruising of prominent candidates, and then demoralized the team. It was only the long rest after the Harvard game, which gave time for the healing of bruises and the attainment of team-play, that put Pennsylvania in condition to make the showing of last Thursday.

Some of Pennsylvania's prominent advisers persist in attributing the team's misfortunes to lack of sufficient preliminary practice, but of course the experience of Harvard and the others of her class utterly nullifies that argument. If Pennsylvania will follow Harvard's and Yale's and Princeton's example in respect to making schedules, next season will be a more satisfactory one.

Both Cornell and Columbia were extreme offenders in the matter of preliminary practice, each gathering the candidates at summer resorts weeks before the opening of college. Both have played some good games this season—not the result of preliminary practice, but of excellent material and high-class coaching—and each had a slump, due to the long period of training, which, as their final games showed, had not been fully remedied even by the rest each was obliged to take in mid-season.

Actually there is no fallacy so patent as that which proclaims preliminary practice beneficial, and we hope the season's lessons have so proved to those who have blindly adhered to it. The real needs to the proper preparation of football-players is not preliminary training, but fewer games in the season and a playing schedule that leads up to the final and hardest game.

A wise schedule is one that keeps the team "coming."

THERE is not much to be said about the game at Philadelphia the other day. It was so uneven a struggle that, other than Pennsylvania's line-breaking, nothing offers for comment. When a team does not make a first down throughout the game, it cannot be said to have made a very even fight. And yet there was plenty of strenuous endeavor in the Cornell line, particularly by Alexander, who was perhaps the only one from tackle to tackle to occasionally loom among the losers. Pierson, the Cornell centre, was entirely outplayed by Overfield, and at the guard positions, although Hare was rarely in the line, Pennsylvania showed superiority.

The ends of neither side had anything to do but help their tackles or get into the push, and Coombs and Taussig were the more noticeable, the latter twice getting the ball for Cornell on fumbles. Outland, at end, proved more serviceable to his team than in the back field, and Kennedy, at quarter, though by no means ideal, was a considerable improvement on Gardiner, who fitted in more naturally, and with greater benefit to his side, at half-back. Potter showed excellent form, and should make Pennsylvania a thoroughly good half-back; but the back-field star of Pennsylvania was undoubtedly McCracken, the former guard, whose work on Thanksgiving provided a remarkable exhibition of continuous line-bucking.

Young and Starbuck were the only members of Cornell's back field to be noticed; both saved many a yard by their defensive work, and Starbuck, on the few opportunities he had, punted well the ball which invariably came back to him so high he could barely reach it.

Walbridge, the semi-professional baseball-player, whom Cornell insisted on using, despite Pennsylvania's protest, proved no addition to the team. He could not gain with the ball, and his defensive work was distinctly mediocre.

In playing this man Cornell committed a grave offence against the ethics of college sport; Walbridge was a member of the Atlantic City baseball nine in '96, and was paid for playing. Cornell's faculty athletic member had been so informed two weeks before the game, even if he had previously been in ignorance of this man's athletic antecedents. It would seem as though Cornell needed an executive on her faculty athletic committee more in sympathy with wholesome sport.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler left a vacancy indeed at Ithaca when he accepted the Presidency of the University of California.

CARLISLE played the best game on Thanksgiving day in New York the Indians have ever shown at the end of their season, and completely overwhelmed Columbia by a score of 45–0. Theirs is usually a hard, fast game, with desperate line-smashing by Metoxen and Seneca, brilliant tackling by Wheelock and Pierce, and field-goals on occasion by Hudson; but on Thursday they added end runs from a new formation, which had the entire rush-line on one side, and provided a strong interference that resulted in long gains almost every time the novel method of attack was set in motion.

Seneca alone at different times made separate runs of 25, 30, 35, 40, 45 and 55 yards each—not to mention other long runs by both Miller and Metoxen. In fact, every runner the Indians used made good gains on this play. Columbia could not break it up, and only the brilliant tackling of Weeks kept the score from mounting even higher. On the other hand, Columbia could make no gains through the Indian line or, with two exceptions, around it—not even with such swift and determined ground-gainers as Morley and Weeks, though the latter seemed twice well started towards a touch-down. The Indians' defence was impregnable.

Carlisle played with unusual judgment—comment especially applicable to Hudson, who ran his team well and passed the ball accurately. The Indian quarter had, besides, ample opportunity to exhibit his skill at drop-kicking; in four tries for field-goal he made one, two of the others barely missing; and five of the seven touchdowns he converted into goals by drop-kicking, instead of, as is usual, from a placed kick.

Columbia's play was not so good as against Yale, which was her best of the season, but was up to her average. She was simply outclassed and outplayed, and her natural weakness in kicking and some fumbling aided her opponents in rolling up the score.

Space taken by the big games of the closing season necessitates postponement to next week of comment on Army–Navy game and on Brown, Lafayette, and Western football.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

"THE GOLFER'S ALPHABET."—BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN.—ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. FROST.—4TO, $1 50.—HARPER & BROTHERS

The Funeral of George Washington

It is so common to celebrate the birthdays of great men, and so rare to hold ceremonies in commemoration of their deaths, that the memorial exercises which will take place under Masonic auspices in various parts of the country on December 14, the centenary of the death of George Washington, will attract wide attention. Curiously enough, the original suggestion of the observance came from the Grand Lodge of Freemasons for the State of Colorado, a part of this continent whose existence was known to Washington only vaguely as a piece of the great unexplored Spanish Southwest. It is quite as odd that, after leading Freemasons in the United States had taken the plan in hand and invited the craft in other lands to co-operate, the first acceptance should have come, with every manifestation of enthusiasm, from New Zealand, which in Washington's day was a savage dominion lately discovered and seized by Captain Cook in the name of King George of England. Nothing could mark the world's progress in the intervening century more clearly than these circumstances.

Many accounts of Washington's death, differing in detail, have been published by the standard historians, and many theories have been advanced as to the cause of it. That he caught a severe cold, and that this ran into the disease of the throat which was then known as quinsy, are among the settled facts; but whether his life might not have been prolonged but for the copious bleeding to which he was subjected is still open to debate. The only official record we have, perhaps, is that kept by his secretary, Tobias Lear. In a letter to John Adams, he refers the fatal ending to the disease and not to the treatment. This letter runs as follows:

> Mount Vernon, *December 15, 1799*.
>
> It is with inexpressible grief that I have to announce to you the death of the great and good General Washington. He died last evening between 10 and 11 o'clock, after a short illness of about 24 hours. His disorder was an inflammatory sore throat, which proceeded from a cold, of which he made but little complaint on Friday. On Saturday morning about 3 o'clock he became ill. Dr. Dick attended him in the morning, and Dr. Craik, of Alexandria, and Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, was soon after called in. Every medical assistance was offered, without the desired effect. His last scene corresponded with the whole tenor of his life. Not a groan or complaint escaped him in extreme distress. With perfect resignation and in full possession of his senses he closed his well-spent life.

Another contemporary letter tells us that Washington informed Dr. Dick "that he had no fear of death, that his affairs were in good order, that he had made his will, and that his public business was but two days behindhand." He was buried at Mount Vernon on Wednesday, December 18. On the coffin plate was inscribed, "General George Washington, Departed this life on the 14th of December, 1799, Aet. 68." Above the plate were the words, "Surge ad Judicium," and below it, "Gloria Deo." From a local newspaper account of the day we learn that a vessel was anchored in the Potomac River, firing minute-guns while the funeral procession formed at the manor-house and moved in this order to the family tomb at the bottom of the lawn:

Cavalry,
Infantry, } with arms reversed.
Guard.
Music.
Clergy.
The General's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols.

Colonels				Colonels
Sims,	Pall-bearers.		Pall-bearers.	Gilpin,
Ramsey,				Marsteller,
Payne.				Little.

Mourners.
Masonic Brethren.
Citizens.

The cavalry halting, the infantry marched toward the tomb and formed their lines; the clergy, the Freemasons, and the citizens descended to the vault, and the burial service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was performed. The infantry and cavalry each fired a volley, eleven pieces of artillery on the river-bank sent forth a roar, and the ceremony was concluded.

When the project for a centennial commemoration first took shape it was proposed to re-enact this entire scene, even to the extreme of having a catafalque borne to the site of the old tomb; but against that feature a loud protest was raised, on the ground that it would turn a solemn memorial service into a mere theatrical show. It has been decided to give the ceremonies a symbolical rather than an imitative character, though the reproduction will be carried up to a certain point. The day chosen is the 14th of December, but the funeral of the 18th will furnish an outline for the incidents. The Freemasons, the representatives of the patriotic societies, and other citizens will assemble at the east side of the mansion, and move in procession to the old vault by the same path, and as nearly as possible in the order, taken by the procession of a century ago. Here a dirge will be played by the band, Bishop Randolph of the southern diocese of Virginia will read a prayer, an octette from the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia will sing a hymn, and the Grand Master of Masons for Colorado will deliver an address. Then the procession will move to the present tomb. The Grand Masters of the thirteen original States will stand in line in front of the tomb, faced by a semicircle of the Grand Masters of other States and foreign jurisdictions, while the Grand Lodge of Virginia will form in a circle around the tomb, holding hands. The Grand Master of Virginia will call for tributes, first from the original thirteen States, and then from the East, West, North, and South, respectively. After brief responses, the Masonic dignitaries will deposit their sprigs of evergreen, and return to the east side of the mansion, where the whole assemblage will listen to an address by President McKinley, who received his initiation into the Masonic order during the civil war, in Virginia, and only a few miles from the lodge in which Washington had presided as master.

The evening will be spent in memorial banquets in Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, where the visiting Freemasons will be entertained by the local lodges. About fifty foreign lodges have notified their American brethren of their intention to attend by delegation. It was hoped at first that the Prince of Wales would come among the British visitors, but he was reluctantly obliged to decline.

George Washington became an entered apprentice at the lodge in Fredericksburg, Virginia—No. 4—on November 4, 1752, passed to the second degree on March 3, 1753, and was made a master Mason on August 4, 1753. When the Washington Lodge of Alexandria was organized, in 1788, he was one of its charter members, and was elected worshipful master at once.

A Bookman's Notes

The presses which have been working overtime on the books intended to catch the holiday trade are already engaged in running off the sheets which will be bound into volumes for the spring trade. One important work which was looked for this fall, and is not yet off the Riverside presses, is Edmund Clarence Stedman's *American Anthology*, which Mr. Stedman's ill health did not permit him to complete in time. The delay and the cause of it are to be regretted for Mr. Stedman's sake, as well as for that of his friends and of his books' friends, if there be any in either class not included in the other. An *American Anthology* will stand in the same relation to his *Poets of America* as his *Victorian Anthology* does to his *Victorian Poets*, and will round out (perhaps "square up" would be the apter term) this *partie carrée* of volumes devoted to the English-singing poets of the closing century. With characteristic bravery, Mr. Stedman has refused to lay off his harness, and has kept at his task, as his health would allow, until now the matter is nearly all in type, and with returning strength he expects that Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin will be able to publish in February.

If you want to be a successful writer of fiction, be an American. The new four books which have sold over 100,000 copies this year are by American authors. They are Edward Noyes Westcott's *David Harum*, 360,000; Winston Churchill's *Richard Carvel*, 200,000; Paul Leicester Ford's *Janice Meredith*, 110,000 (these three deal with American subjects); and Edwin Caskoden's *When Knighthood was in Flower*, 150,000. If objection be made that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon's *In His Steps* is omitted from the above list, he is an American too, and so is his subject.

That the value of the American author to the American publisher is not unrecognized is indicated by the fact that Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are turning more to American authors in their arrangements for collecting and publishing complete works of writers, though they began with two Englishmen. The Shenandoah Edition of Frank R. Stockton is in preparation. If inquiry be made "Why Shenandoah?" the answer may be found in the Mr. Stockton's recent move from Convent Station, New Jersey, to Charlestown, West Virginia, in the Shenandoah Valley. The possibility of getting together the books to complete these complete works is a grateful indication of the harmony and pleasant feelings now existing between publishers. It was necessary to draw on four houses to make up the Stockton set—Charles Scribner's Sons, Harper & Brothers, the Century Company, and Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. A reason why the publishers are willing to lend their authors to one another for the purpose of making up sets of complete works may be found in the fact that the sale of these handsomely gotten-up editions by subscription does not interfere with, excepting perhaps to stimulate, the sale over the counter of the individual volume in the original edition. And arrangements are usually made by which later books may be added to the subscription set.

To have a plurality of publishers is now the custom of authors. Professor Harry Thurston Peck, for instance, does not permit the preparation of an abridgment of his *Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities* for Harper & Brothers to prevent his giving attention to contemporary literature for Dodd, Mead, & Co. His recent *What is good Literature, and other Essays*, by-the-way, he characteristically dedicates "To my friend and colleague Brander Matthews; as Evidence of the Discord of our Opinions and the Harmony of our Tastes." And this leads easily and naturally to the subject of Professor Matthews's new novel, *A Confident To-morrow* (Harper & Brothers), and to a brief consideration of what may be called the composite photograph in literature. The scene of the story is laid in upper circles of literary and artistic New York, and readers are already seeking to identify the novelist Vivian and the artist Adams with various prototypes. It is this very variety of suggestion which gives rise to the notion that if Mr. Matthews has been taking literary snap-shots at his friends, he has not confined his operations to a single representative of each type, but has rather given us composite photographs of many. To some readers it appears as if Oliver Herford's picture was the front one of the series used to produce the portrait of Adams. Others see there Edward E. Simmons, and still others think they discern more clearly the features of Elihu Vedder, Gedney Bunce, Robert Blum. The fact that five different names have been mentioned in connection with the artist, and almost as many with the novelist, would seem to show, however, that no one man has been copied, but that the picture has been produced by a judicious aggregation of negatives. Whatever persons may have posed before Mr. Matthews's camera, or may have been taken unawares, there has been no difference of opinion as to the fact that his background was invariably the life of literary and artistic New York.

H. G. P.

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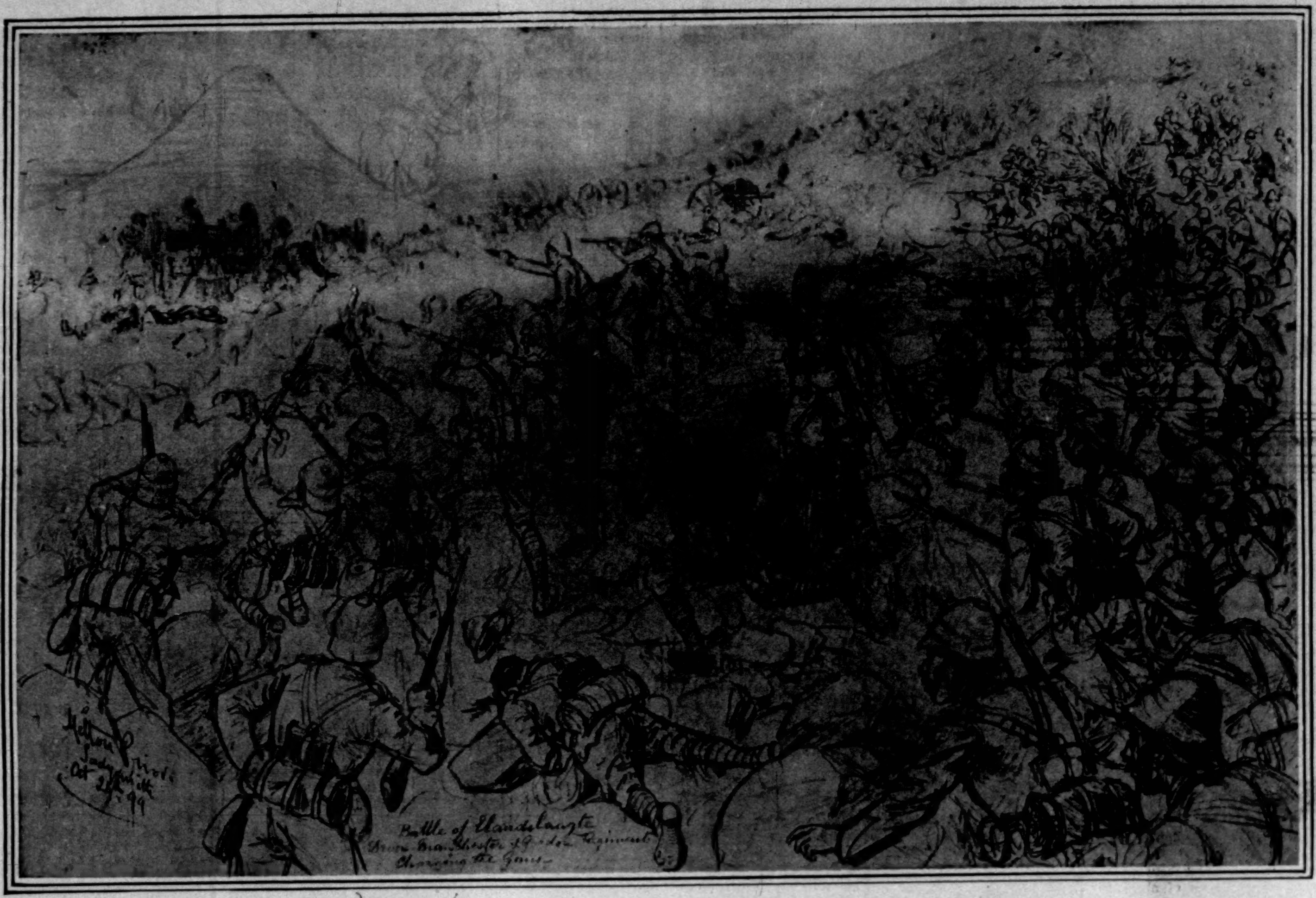
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SCENES AT THE BATTLE OF ELANDSLAAGTE, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

The Boer and the White Flag

I SUPPOSE there never wa[illegible] war in which one side did not accuse the other of breaking some of the rules of the game. War is pandemonium, and the regulations of war are microscopic and unemotional, and it is not always possible to guide such a confusion of human passions in accordance with paper maxims. Every one remembers how hardly a week passed by in the early months of last year without producing a memorandum to the powers from the Spanish government complaining of violations of the practices of civilized warfare by the American forces. The bombardment of towns without due notice and the firing on the Red Cross flags in Santiago were the favorite themes of Spanish rhetoric, while on the American side it was alleged that the Spaniards habitually aimed at the ambulance corps, sparing neither the doctors nor the wounded, and in some cases even mutilated the bodies of their dead enemies. One hears pretty much the same stories told over again in connection with the Transvaal war. The British accuse the Boers of using explosive bullets and of firing upon burial parties and ignoring the Red Cross flag, and the Boers charge the British with similar breaches of etiquette—among them the rather startling one of dragging prisoners at the wheels of transport wagons.

There is, however, one accusation which rises above the level of these stock charges, and is being brought again and again by the British against the Boers. It is an imputation not less serious than the charge—happily proved false—that the Spaniards were mutilating American soldiers. It is to the effect that the Boers are in the habit of hoisting the white flag as though about to surrender, and then, when the British have ceased firing and are advancing to take possession of them, of pouring a murderous volley into their ranks. The charge does not come from British sources alone. It has been confirmed by American correspondents on the spot, and it has found its way into the official reports. Lord Methuen, after the battle of Belmont, had to send in a strong remonstrance on the subject to the Boer commander. "To place a white handkerchief on a rifle," he wrote, "and so take advantage of your enemy, is a cowardly action, which neither you nor I can countenance." On November 23 Lieutenant Willoughby was killed by a party which had raised the white flag. On the same day Lieutenant Blundell was shot by a wounded Boer whose wants he was attending to. On November 9 the Boers sent into Ladysmith a number of Transvaal refugees under a flag of truce. A party of British soldiers advanced beyond the picket-line to receive them, and was fired upon before it had time to regain the British lines. At Dundee, Glencoe, and Elandslaagte every engagement was marked by similar occurrences, and the loss to British regiments through these tactics, especially to the Gordon Highlanders, who were twice taken in by the same trick, was severe enough to arouse a very general feeling that no quarter should be given to such unsportsmanlike opponents.

This use of the white flag is so out of harmony with the accepted picture of the Boers as a simple pastoral race, quite above even the suspicion of trickery, that their American sympathizers have refused to credit it. For myself, I have no doubts whatever that it is true, and can be proved up to the hilt; and for two reasons. It is consonant with their national character, and they have done it before. The Boers are not more deceitful than other people; they are simply more ignorant. One always has to remember that they are really relics of the seventeenth century. Until the Uitlanders came among them they had been cut off from civilization for two hundred years, and the sort of civilization which Johannesburg presented was not of such an engaging brand that they wished to exchange their old life for it. Take the true up-country Boer, and you find him some twenty or thirty encyclopædias behind the times. He believes the earth is flat, that it would be impossible for rivers to flow northward if it were round, and that lightning and pestilence, being sent from heaven, ought not to be guarded against. And just as he believes these things, he believes that it is his duty in battle to kill as many of his enemies as possible and by any means. That all is fair in war is a motto he would subscribe to with a clear conscience. He simply does not know any better. When he is out on a hunting trip he shoots everything that comes his way, potting deer just as an English cockney pots sea-gulls. I once saw a party of Boers practising their rifles on a herd. They left nearly seventy carcasses rotting on the veldt. They did not want the meat, and the idea that a man should take the trouble of shooting for the sake of a few horns or heads or tails is one that has never occurred to the Boers. They were just enjoying a day's sport in their natural, instinctive fashion. The lack of a right sense of what is proper in war and sport is the inevitable outcome of their history and conditions of life. One cannot blame them for it. One merely notes it in a charitable and scientific spirit as marking their present stage of civilization.

My second reason for believing that the Boers have been using the white flag in the manner imputed to them is that they have done so before. The war of independence was crammed with such incidents and with others of an even more startling character. Any one who cares to look up the official record of the battle at Bronkhorst Spruit, and of the murders of Captain Elliott, Dr. Barbour, and Green, will find it difficult to put a limit to Boer trickery. I select the siege of Potchefstroom as the most typical of all. A small British force under Colonel Winslow was besieged there by Commandant Cronjé—the same Cronjé who captured Jameson, and is now at the head of the Boer forces on the western border. His conduct of the siege earned for him a most unsavory reputation. He caused several British subjects to be shot as spies on wholly insufficient grounds, and he placed prisoners of war in the forefront of the trenches, where many of them were killed by the rifle-fire of their comrades from the walls. The climax came when he withheld from the garrison the news that an armistice had been arranged between the two governments. He continued the siege with fresh vigor, and eventually Colonel Winslow had to surrender to save the lives of the wounded and women and children refugees. When the facts became known the Transvaal government was required on the conclusion of peace to allow a British force to march up from Natal and reoccupy Potchefstroom as a formal acknowledgment of Cronjé's treachery.

S. B.

News of Warfare

I.—IN THE SUDAN

BECAUSE it narrates the dramatic ending of the fierce long conflict for possession of the Sudan, the first position this week is given to a despatch from Lord Kitchener to the British Minister at Cairo, Egypt, which was received by the latter on November 25. In this despatch General Kitchener reported that Sir Francis Wingate's command came up with the Khalifa's force seven miles southeast of Gedil, attacked it, and, after a sharp fight, took his position. The Khalifa, who was surrounded by a body-guard of Emirs, was killed, and all the principal Emirs were killed except Osman Digna, who escaped.

Ever since Omdurman fell, the Mahdist leader had been trying to enlist once more in his cause that fanatical enthusiasm which had made his soldiers and those of El Mahdi before him unconquerable; but he did not regain prestige and following until quite recently. The other day he came within striking distance, only to find the Khedive's chief of staff more than willing to meet him and to deliver the first blow. On November 22 Wingate routed 2500 Dervishes under Ahmed Fedil at a point about twenty-five miles from the Nile; then Arab scouts reported the Khalifa in person to be only a day's hard march farther away. Wingate's men went forward rapidly; for the last seven miles they marched by moonlight, and frequently cutting their way through the bush. Before dawn on November 24 the sound of drums and horns issued from the enemy's camp hidden among the trees, and at a quarter past five o'clock the Dervishes attacked. First the British guns opened fire; half an hour later the whole line advanced and swept through the Dervish position for over two miles, until the camp was reached—women, children, and cattle becoming the spoil of Anglo-Egyptians. Mounted troops pursued and captured fugitives; with the exception of Osman Digna, all who were not killed surrendered. The Khalifa with most of his men and the Emir body-guard made a gallant stand. His two brothers and the Mahdi's son were killed at his side.

The despatch of General Lord Kitchener, Governor-General of this vast region rescued from savagery, concluded with the words, "The Sudan may now be declared open."

II.—THE PHILIPPINES

After our forces had captured Dagúpan, MacArthur returned by the way he had come to take up a more central position, and on November 23 established his headquarters at Aguinaldo's former residence, announcing that all towns on the railway would be garrisoned.

On November 24 General Otis cabled to the War Department: "Claim to government by insurgents can be made no longer under any fiction; its Treasurer, Secretary of the Interior, and President of Congress are in our hands; its President and remaining cabinet officers are in hiding, evidently in central Luzon provinces; its generals and troops are in small bands, scattered through these provinces, acting as banditti, or dispersed and playing the rôle of *amigos*, with arms concealed." He was still under the impression at this time that Aguinaldo had not escaped through the lines of Lawton and Wheaton, but had fled westward from Bayambang railway station.

But Otis was undeceived on the arrival of a vessel from the Gulf of Lingayen on November 25 with despatches from General Wheaton. This vessel also brought Buen-

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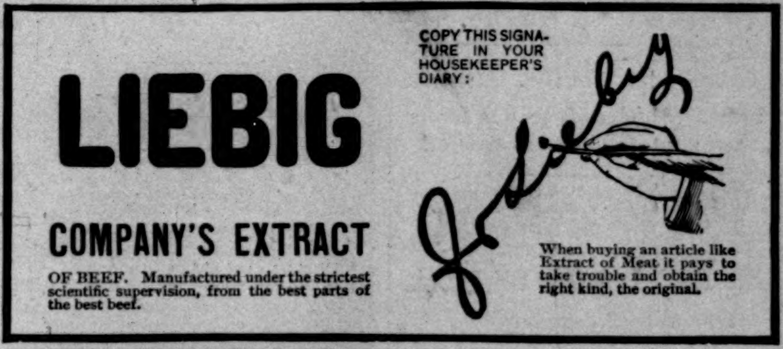

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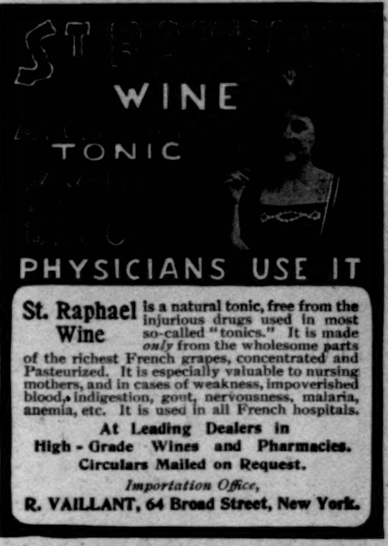

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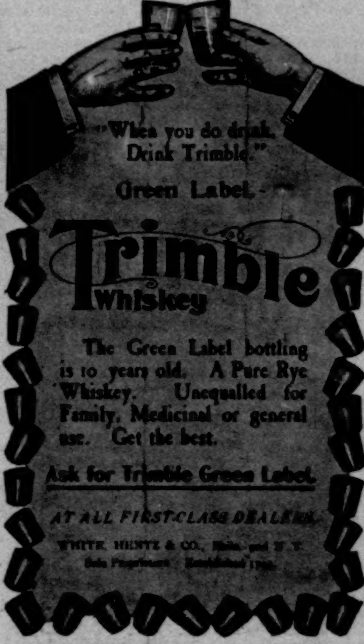

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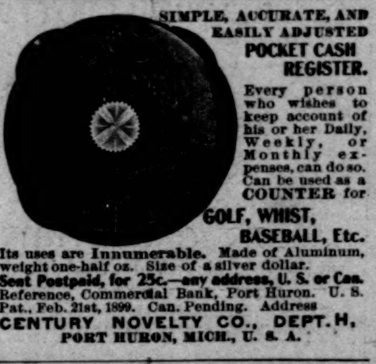

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camino, the insurgent Secretary of State, who had been captured on the 21st; and now it transpired that Aguinaldo, with his family and some of his partisans, including Buencamino, had left Tarlac on the night of November 13. In his flight northward the Filipino troops at Bayambang and Dagúpan—about 2000 in all—joined him; and this little army in distress was making its way hurriedly, skirting the coast of the Gulf of Lingayen, at the moment when Wheaton's and Lawton's commands were drawing near to each other, intending to close the gate. They had almost met; it was a question of hours merely. The fugitives actually grazed Wheaton's outposts on the west at San Jacinto, and collided with Lawton's advance (Swigert's and Young's cavalry) just a little further towards the east, at Pozorrubio. At both points there was sharp fighting with the Filipino rear-guard—an obstinate defence fully explained when we consider that these natives were bent on gaining time for their leader to get beyond reach. As Otis's formal despatch expresses it, "Aguinaldo, with part of his family, escaped to the north with 200 men, passing between Young and Wheaton." A press despatch states that General Young was informed as to the general direction of Aguinaldo's flight, and might have succeeded in heading him off "had he not taken the wrong road," and thus encountered the rear-guard. "Darkness compelled him to abandon pursuit for the night," the correspondent adds, "and a heavy rainfall on the two following days handicapped him further, or Aguinaldo might have been captured." Young pressed forward in pursuit on the highway that leads directly northward from one coast town to another, bordering the China Sea, this road extending to Vigan, more than a hundred miles away—and, for that matter, still eighty miles or so beyond, to the northern coast. "Aguinaldo's mother and oldest child, with Buencamino," Otis says, "were separated from the rest of the party; the mother was lost in the woods, and the child, four years old, is with Wheaton's troops." Aguinaldo's youngest child, who was recently christened at Tarlac with great ceremony, died, and was buried at Bayambang during the flight. General Wheaton reported that Aguinaldo's mother had been found, and was "now sheltered in a convent, with a guard"—the natives threatening her with violence. Otis thereupon ordered that she should be brought to Manila for safety.

A despatch dated November 26 stated that the last Filipino council of war was held by the retreating leaders on November 13, in the house now occupied by General MacArthur; that the council had recognized the futility of attempting further resistance with united forces, and agreed that the Filipino troops should scatter and adopt guerilla methods. The entire force then was divided into six or seven bands, ranging in numbers from one thousand to a few hundred men, but each under a chief styled "general," and forthwith these bands were distributed among the provinces of central Luzon. But naturally the subdivision did not stop there, and "reports of ambuscades and skirmishes," one despatch said, "came from every section of the country along the railroad. These districts seem to be filled with small bands." Not only were stray parties of Americans cut off, but a number of the native officials who had shown a friendly disposition towards our troops were murdered. It was to be expected, therefore, that the obvious suggestion should be made about stationing garrisons at important points throughout the turbulent districts to hold the bandits in check; but that method seemed too slow and old-fashioned to the men in the field. While the booty of the insurgent government—Spanish prisoners, money, documents, and other property—was being forwarded to Manila, Fowler's company of the Thirty-third Regiment drove General Alejandrino's troops out of Mangalaren, a town southwest of Dagúpan, captured their muzzle-loading guns, rifles, and ammunition, and freed their prisoners, American and Spanish. Then Colonel Bell with the Thirty-sixth set out in pursuit, to march, if necessary, down the western Luzon coast; and Otis announced that other insurgent troops west of the railway would be readily handled by MacArthur, adding, "They have the bulk of the insurgent artillery, all of which will be captured, unless buried."

Meantime Young, with cavalry and scouts, was in pursuit of Aguinaldo, who had collected more than one thousand of his troops in the north and was heading for Bangued, twenty miles east of Vigan—far away up the western coast, as we have said. Three battalions of the Thirty-third and one battalion of the Twenty-second followed Young, and on November 26 the *Oregon* landed marines at Vigan. General Otis cabled that troops sent to the same point would arrive on the 29th, and that the "bulk of Spanish and American prisoners" were said to be at Bangued.

From other islands of the archipelago important events were reported during the week. Thus, in Panay, Colonel Carpenter, with two battalions of the Eighteenth Infantry and Bridgman's Battery, had a severe engagement at Pavia, north of Ilo Ilo, on November 21. The enemy was driven with heavy loss. Carpenter then passed on to the insurgents' stronghold Santa Barbara, which he captured on the following day. Somewhat later General Hughes, commanding in Panay, reported the fall of the insurgent capital. The Visayan natives took no active part, and appeared to be friendly; the enemy consisted of 2000 Tagálos. Our casualties in these actions were five killed and twenty-seven wounded; those of the enemy were not definitely stated. Our men took a number of prisoners, cannon, and rifles, and a quantity of ammunition, but their success was not decisive.

From the island of Mindanao the latest advices were entirely satisfactory. The insurgents about Zamboanga had surrendered.

III.—SOUTH AFRICA

We have here to keep in mind three distinct campaigns: 1. That of the western frontier, where British forces in Mafeking and Kimberley were besieged, while General Methuen's column was advancing from the Orange River to the relief of the more southerly of these two towns. 2. That of central Cape Colony, where Free State Boers held British soil at various points, and General Gatacre was assembling forces to drive them back over the border. 3. That of Natal, where, by a rapid and vigorous advance, General Joubert had apparently succeeded in enclosing General Hildyard's command at Estcourt, and even threatening the British camp at Mooi River, while still holding White at Ladysmith.

On November 23, at daybreak, Lord Methuen's command attacked the enemy, who occupied a strong position at Belmont. "Three ridges were carried in succession, the last attack being prepared by shrapnel. The infantry behaved splendidly, and received support from the naval brigade and artillery. The enemy fought with courage and skill." These sentences are from the official report. Press despatches stated that the Boers had 4000 or 5000 men; Methuen, 7000. "The Boers, shielded by bowlders, held the crests of hills; with dauntless courage the men of the King's Own, Yorkshire Light Infantry, First Northumberland Fusiliers, the Northamptonshires, and a battalion each of the Scots Guards, Grenadiers, and Coldstreams, threw themselves like so many onrushing billows against the hills." The Boers were put to flight, and their fortified laager was destroyed, but only after three hours of incessant rifle-fire. Their losses were estimated at 250; the total British casualties were 297. Doubtless the feature of this engagement most unfavorable to the Boers and prejudicial to their cause was their barbarous conduct in certain particulars referred to by Methuen in a message which he sent to the Boer commander: "I ask you to warn those under you, when wounded, not to shoot my officers when they endeavor to help them. I also ask you not to use dum-dum bullets. Eighteen of my men were wounded by dum-dum bullets. I must warn you not to use the flag of truce treacherously."

On November 25 Lord Methuen gained a second victory at the Gras Pan hills, ten miles north of Belmont, defeating a body of 2500 Boers, who were blocking his advance. The British force directly involved consisted of the Ninth Brigade, the mounted corps, the naval brigade, and two batteries, the Guards following to protect the rear. After the batteries had shelled the heights with shrapnel the naval brigade and infantry advanced to the assault, and there was desperate fighting for four hours. The Boers retreated on the line where the Ninth Lancers were placed to intercept them. Methuen telegraphed: "The enemy showed the greatest stubbornness, and must have suffered greatly. Twenty were buried. It is known that thirty-one were killed and forty-eight wounded. More than fifty horses were found dead in one place. One battery fired 500 rounds."

On the other hand, the slaughter of the naval brigade was enormous. Out of 500 seamen and marines, 105 fell; and in all the British loss was about 200. London, nevertheless, tried to take a cheerful view of this waste of life, saying: "To General Lord Methuen belongs the honor of the first real British victory of the present war, as Belmont was the first battle after which the British advanced instead of retreating."

In central Cape Colony, just below the Orange Free State border, General Gatacre had been re-enforced, and on November 26 he began a northward movement. The Boers meanwhile had occupied Stormberg and cut the railway. It was assumed that the British commander had waited to gather a force sufficient for the task in hand, and yet an element of uncertainty was introduced by the disloyalty of the population on the frontier."

In Natal the Boer onrush had been checked by a successful attack which General Hildyard directed from Estcourt on November 23. With three battalions, one field battery, a naval gun, and 700 mounted troops, he dislodged the enemy from Beacon Hill, losing thirteen men killed and about seventy wounded, but gaining a very important strategical advantage. The corps commander, General Buller, arrived at Durban on the evening of the 25th, and immediately proceeded to Pietermaritzburg. Already the Boers under Joubert were retiring towards Colenso and Ladysmith; the British troops which had been in camp at Mooi River had begun a northward march on the 24th, and as soon as they reached Estcourt, Hildyard set out towards Colenso with the united forces, taking up a position near Frere on the 26th.

Marrion Wilcox.

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The World of Finance

EVENTS in the financial world continue to sustain the prevalent feeling of confidence. The government's offer to purchase its own bonds was not responded to with so much alacrity as many expected; but it served the purpose of allaying apprehension of severe stringency in the money-market, and let out enough currency to relieve the situation. It has been followed by a beginning of the return flow of money from the interior to New York, and the two influences together enabled the associated banks to bring their reserves above the legal requirement by several million dollars. The importance of this lies chiefly in the feeling of security, which is always disturbed when the reserves sink below the legal limit, although that may involve no danger whatever.

The announcement of the currency bill to be introduced at the present session of Congress, which has been prepared by the Republican caucus committee of the House appointed last winter, added materially to the general cheerfulness. It is calculated to accomplish precisely those things which experienced financiers have long desired—the unequivocal establishment of the gold standard, the assured redemption of all government obligations in gold coin, a separate and secure reserve fund for the redemption of legal tender notes protected from other use by the Treasury, the reissue of redeemed greenbacks only for gold, thus eliminating the "endless chain," and a fair degree of elasticity in the volume of national-bank notes, obtained by permitting their issue to par of the bonds deposited to secure them, and by a reduction of the tax upon circulation. If this measure shall be adopted, it will produce such a degree of comfort and satisfaction in the business world that there will be no further demand for currency reform for some time.

There is no diminution in the signs of general prosperity in the country. The railroads continue to report increased earnings, which is one of the surest indications. These are derived from largely increased traffic, for expenses have advanced materially, while rates have remained generally stationary. The principal roads are still spending much money to increase their equipment and general facilities, and find it difficult to keep up with the demand. Though the transportation of agricultural products has been less than a year ago, the entire traffic is decidedly larger, which reflects the enhanced activity in manufacturing industries. This still appears conspicuously in the great iron and steel industries, which were never so prosperous, and which are subsidiary to many other interests.

Smaller crops of wheat in the West and of cotton in the South, which have advanced the price of those staples, have also diminished somewhat the volume of our exports compared with that of last year, in spite of the fact that we are sending abroad a largely increased amount of manufactured products. At the same time, our imports have increased, which is a sound indication, for the balance of trade in our favor is still very large—more than fifty millions a month—and it is better to have this reduced by getting foreign merchandise for our own than to have our securities sent home in larger volume to pay for our products. Foreign capital employed here is better for us than foreign money sent here to find employment. The more our trade is in commodities on both sides, the better for us.

Notwithstanding the continued heavy balance of trade, the gold movement from Europe to this side which is common at this time of the year does not show itself. Hence no part of that balance is at present being settled in money. The reason undoubtedly is that England is using every means to hold gold from export. Her usual supply is diminished by the interruption of the flow from the Transvaal mines, while her use for it is increased by the demands of the war in South Africa. The Bank of England maintains its discount week after week at the usual rate of five per cent., which keeps up that in the London market, and the cost of discounting bills there holds up the rate of exchange here, which remains above the level that will give a profit to the export of gold from Europe to this country. The maintenance of this equilibrium produces some slight tension in the European capitals, but no disturbance. Notwithstanding this situation, which checks the remittance of gold to pay for any part of our excess of exports over imports, there is no visible sign of unusual selling of our securities in London, and there has been some buying of investment stocks there. Still, there is no way of tracing the movement of the bulk of stocks which pass between the two countries in the regular course of trade, and extensions of credit and rediscounting of bills are constantly going on in the adjustments of commerce. The somewhat abnormal condition in England produced by the war affects us very little so far, and we are in no crying need of gold from any quarter. The Treasury contains more than ever before, and there is an unusual amount in the banks and in actual circulation.

The Texas Cow

THE Texas cow knew there was such a creature as man. When he was a-horseback she was afraid and ran before him; when he was afoot she sought him out and trampled him to death. Once her enemy banded together, put ropes upon her, threw her youthful and vigorous body to the ground, and seared her flesh with hot iron. Later in life he had come to her again, when she was in the full pride of motherhood, taken her offspring from her side, and seared its flesh as hers had been seared before. These were terrible experiences, and she cherished a deep hatred of her tormentor, which needed no encouragement in her offspring.

The Texas cow who first poked her nose over the top of the hill and looked down the long slope of the Missouri drainage was akin to the wild animals of the plains. She held her head high, her horns were long, her eyes soft and mild like those of a deer, and she was as quick upon her feet as a cat. Her quarters were light and tapering, her limbs clean cut. She ran like a horse, and quite as fast also, at the slightest alarm.

Once in a while man came in numbers, and seemed quite content that the Texas cow should move before him. He prided himself upon his skill in the drive, and the Texas cow was light-hearted, for she hugged the delusion that she was still free, and in her daily travel was keeping out of the reach of man, her enemy. There was some consolation, too, for she found she always travelled towards cool watering-places, and when left again to her own devices it was where the grass was higher and more succulent than where she started from.

In the early days of her life the head of the herd was always a rough, gruff old fellow, who could run nearly as fast as she could, whose hide was thick, his flanks worn bare, and his head and neck shaggy like those of the buffalo. Then came a change. One by one these old fellows disappeared. The hard winters laid them low, or men came on horseback and drove them away, never to return. In their places came great, heavy, curly-haired creatures, who had no speed, but were fine-haired, aristocratic, and dignified. They had gentle manners and beautiful white faces, and they all looked alike. They seemed friendly with the men who drove them, and the men treated them with consideration, continually remarking, "These Herefords are heavy where the high-priced cuts are found."

All this was Greek to the Texas cow, but she grew to hate man less, and her manners were improved. Then came all the little pale-faced calves, which looked like the older white-faced strangers. The calves grew apace. In a year they would be nearly as big as their mothers. Their hind quarters were as high as their shoulders, and the weight came there, so they were square, but they could not run. The Texas cow took as good care of the white-faced calf as she had of the brindle; for the Texas cow was the best mother the world has ever seen.

The calves grew up, and had white-faced children of their own. The Texas cow grew older and older. Rings came upon her horns until you could not count them. By-and-by she had no more children, and she was lonely. She could still run, but there was no one to run with, so one day she wandered up into a little coulee and lay down to die of a broken heart. She thought she was without friends. Her own kind were like the Indians—the pale faces had driven them all away—and she died imagining she was forgotten.

The Texas cow was mistaken, for she founded a great race—she gave it mother-love, strength, and vitality. She conquered a wilderness and prepared it for the coming of the white faces, who still need her blood to fight the seasons on the range, and some day the men ahorseback who drove in the white faces will build a monument to the Texas cow. It will needs be imposing as well, for they owe to this long-horned, gentle-eyed founder of a great race the wealth of the Western plains, villages, and cities.

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